

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1180. Fourth Series, No. 41. 12 January, 1867.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Christian Socialism in Norfolk Island.	66
2. A Philistine's Opinion of Eugenie de Guerin.	67
3. Literary Announcements.	72
4. The Claverings. Part 11.	73
5. Education of Girls.	87
6. Our Amusements.	88
7. The Irish Eutopia.	99
8. Gustave Doré's Milton and Quixote.	101
9. A Kangaroo Drive.	103
10. Perfectibility.	110
11. Weather Wisdom.	113
12. Over-Cultivated Intellect.	115
13. The Evacuation of Rome.	116
14. The Pope and the Emperor.	117
15. Reorganization of the French Army.	119
16. The French Army.	121
17. The Moniteur on the Reorganization.	122
18. Played Out.	124
19. Baron Ricasoli and the Temporal Power.	126
20. Foreign Residents in China.	127

POETRY. Whittier to Colfax, 98. Daughters to Sell, 128. All's Well, 128.

BOOKS PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE SENT FREE OF POSTAGE.

MADONNA MARY, by MRS. OLIPHANT. 50 cents.  
 SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE, by Charles Lever. 50 cents.  
 MISS MARJORIBANKS, by Mrs. Oliphant. 75 cents.  
 ZAIDEE, Mrs. Oliphant's best work. 75 cents.  
 KATE COVENTRY, an Autobiography. 38 cents.  
 WITCH HAMPTON HALL. 25 cents.

Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms.

TO NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.

Should any of you have any difficulty in getting your numbers for next year through your booksellers, we beg leave to repeat our former assurance that we shall be glad to supply you directly from this office, free of postage — upon your remittance of eight dollars to us. Your orders will receive prompt attention.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL SON, & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second	"	20	"	50	"
Third	"	32	"	80	"
The Complete work		88	"	220	"

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

From the Scotsman, Nov. 25.

### CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN NORFOLK ISLAND.

RECENT news from Norfolk Island tells of the dissipation of another pretty dream. It is impossible to treat grown-up people as children, and yet develop in them the virtues of men, or even prevent them from relapsing into the vices from which pious dry-nursing has jealously guarded them. The most successful experiments of the kind were the Jesuit Missions, or Reductions in South America. Deep in the vast forests, threaded by its mighty rivers, the holy fathers established populous communities of Indians, who were screened from contact with any less saintly Europeans, whose consciences were scrutinized by a most rigid system of confession, and who certainly for more than a hundred years implicitly obeyed their spiritual pastors and masters, and were content to labour for the good of the community and the glory of the Church, without hope of acquiring personal property. "An Indian of the Reductions," says Southey, "never knew, during his whole progress from the cradle to the grave, what it was to take thought for the morrow; all his duties were comprised in obedience." That is not a very lofty ideal of humanity; and although the Spanish priests might account such slavish acquiescence godliness with contentment, and consequently great gain, they were obliged to own that nature fought against their system. . . .

A somewhat similar attempt at secluded Christian Socialism has been made on a small scale in Norfolk Island, and it has much sooner come to grief—perhaps because the spiritual influence brought to bear was Protestant. The savage or semi-savage mind would seem to be far more docile under the haughty claims of the Catholic priesthood. When the *Bounty*—we may remind those of our readers who have forgotten their school-boy lore—had collected the greater part of the bread-fruit trees and other Polynesian products for which she had been sent out, the tyranny of her commander, grating against the lawless proclivities of rough sea-dogs who longed for a continuance of the sensual sense of the Pacific, caused her crew to rise in mutiny. Captain Bligh was seized and bound in his cabin, and sent adrift in the launch, with the boatswain and others of the crew of whom the mutineers wished to get rid. The rioters sailed back to their Tahitian "wives." The *Bounty* foundered subsequently, or was wilfully destroyed. Some of her rebellious crew, with their demonstratively affectionate spouses took up their abode on Pitcairn's Island; and when, Captain Bligh having by a marvellous chance reached England, a man-of-war was sent out to bring the mutineers up to her yard-arms, the Pitcairn Islanders escaped discovery, and for many a year afterwards were lost to European ken. In the interval most of them died, thanks to their own wild courses. At last, a whaler touched at Pitcairn's Island, and its crew were astonished to find an English-speaking population, comparatively fair-skinned, and creditably instructed in Christian mo-

rality, which they practised with a tolerable consistency that, no doubt, seemed most surprising to their more thorough-bred Christian visitors. John Adams, an aged ex-mutineer, had been their apostle. They were removed to their mothers' land, but home-sickness came upon them, and, accordingly, they were taken back to Pitcairn's Island. There, ultimately, they could not manage to subsist; and when Norfolk Island ceased to be an "ocean hell" they were transferred to it, and the rose coloured school of philanthropists prophesied that it would become an ocean heaven. . . .

A church, and stores, and houses stood ready built. Sir William Denison, the then Governor of New South Wales, framed a paternal code of laws for this its moral dependency. A picked clergyman was appointed chaplain. Books in abundance were provided for the new Norfolk Islanders. The philanthropists flattered themselves that the horrible memories of the island's convict era would soon be obliterated beneath the golden glory of its modern history. Looked after like children or young exotics in a nursery, fenced from the wicked world by coral reefs and the most stringent regulations, the Norfolk Islanders were to enjoy the cosiest imaginable communion of saints—

"No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
The past unghed for, and the future sure."

What was to become of the surplus of this saintly insular population, when growing numbers had diminished its cosiness, the philanthropists did not trouble to speculate. Perhaps, with the experience of the Spanish Reductions before us, it may be said that a colony so managed would never have become overcrowded. At any rate, there is no chance now that Norfolk Island will swarm with saints at least, for the very sufficient reason that its inhabitants have lost their saintliness. These over-cocked Christians have turned lazy. Finding so much done for them, they refuse to do anything for themselves. Their land is unfenced, their once substantial dwellings are in ruins, their habits have become filthy, and the lingering taint of Tahitian licentiousness in their blood has broken out very rampantly. A missionary college is now to be established on the island for the training of native teachers from various groups in the Pacific. From Heathen Kanakas as well as degenerate Christians, this peculiar people has hitherto been very carefully guarded, but it is probably felt that the morality of the *Bounty* men's descendants cannot nowadays be much injured by contact with anybody. The danger would rather seem to be that the ethic of the dusky sucking evangelists may be sapped by the lighter-skinned charms, with behaviour to match, to which they will be exposed. The bishop who has founded the college must keep a sharp look-out over his students; and, whilst preparing them for their work in different islands, it would be well if he were to teach the inhabitants of the island in which he has set up his evangelizing institution, a more common-sense Christianity than that to which they have been latterly accustomed.

From the Victoria Magazine

# A PHILISTINE'S OPINION OF EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

THE notices of Eugenie de Guerin that have fallen in the way of the writer, appear to her so much beside the mark, so like the play with Hamlet omitted, that the temptation to supply what seemed to be wanting, has proved irresistible. The view she takes is the practical common-place one, with, it may be, an imperfect appreciation of the grace, beauty, and poetry, etc., of the journal, and not much attraction to the book as supplying pabulum for cultivated tastes, but with a vivid interest in the actual woman therein presented, and the things to be learnt by the transcript of her life.

Certainly the qualities in the journal that strike one first are those that have been most noticed; the vivid imagination that hangs a thought on every twig as she passes by, the delicate taste that makes such proper and graceful choice of the things to be said, the innate skill with which she gives a good, true, and kindly judgment on what passes before her. Then her skill with her pen is something wonderful, if we believe that command of the weapon must be acquired by practice; and she has the main quality that makes the difference between the cultivated and the ignorant human being—between the clodhopper and the philosopher—not so much the abundance of acquired knowledge as the readiness to acquire; the habit of working on all the material that falls in her way. One of her friends observes that she could always find something to say on all manner of things that no one else would think of remarking. "Look," she says, "you would find a thousand things to say on that old door-latch." So Eugenie immediately thinks a great deal might be said thereupon, and proceeds to say something. On this occasion she is not particularly well-inspired, probably because the subject was not self-chosen. But what a differently furnished mind must result, say at fifty years of age, from this constant mental activity, to that of a woman who sees nothing in life but her own concerns, and gradually arrives at the conviction that it is best to see nothing else. It is a true instinct that attracts all active minds to one like this. There is hope of a response, the certainty of appreciation. She calls out the mental activity of others, even of people who have never seen her. There is evidence in the book of this, and also in the very fact of its publication. Her life is called uneventful, common-place, and her

own power of ornamenting its trivial accidents is what makes it worth reading.

But a far greater beauty of Eugenie's character lies in her evident desire and intention, in old-fashioned words, to do her duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call her. It is probable the charm of this intention mingles more than is thought with the other qualities that have been so much admired. As we slowly read through the somewhat tedious details of her daily life, this is the wish that most constantly reappears. It is the noblest, most loveable, and also the most frequent subject of interest the book contains. Extracts would give but little idea of the incessant watchfulness, the sensitive conscience, the faithful examination by which she strove to conform her heart and mind to the highest standard that she knew. There is continual solace and consolation to the reader in the ever-recurring signs that here, at least, is one who would have cut off her right hand, and plucked out her right eye, if they interfered with her attaining the excellence she strove after.

And it is not without success that she seeks so earnestly after improvement. Her tastes and character are modified by her endeavours. A remarkable proof of this is incidentally given in her judgment of "Delphine." "Delphine" is a French novel giving the history of the falling in love of a man and woman—pardon, of a lady and gentleman—during the process of the betrothal and marriage of the gentleman to some one else. All the power of the writer is used to make the love appear irresistible, in spite of the efforts of the parties to restrain it, and the pity of the reader is so roused for the divided pair, and for the overwhelming force of their affection, that their criminality is quite kept out of sight. "That uncontrolled mastery of the passions," says Eugenie, "is repulsive to me." If the author of "Delphine" had been capable of feeling this, could she have written the book?

She mentions incidentally that their furniture is very poor; she wonders what people will think of it on the rare occasion when visitors come. Some days she has extra work to do in cooking, and her father apologises to her, regretting she should have so much to do. She has no money, or very little, to give away in charity. In many ways the presence of poverty is made evident; but she never indulges in querulous complaint at the common lot, still less does she seem ashamed of it, or wish to conceal it.

There are several sentences in the journal

to which the note is appended, "This was erased," and a few more to which the writer herself has added, "This is incorrect." These passages are almost always either blaming some one or complaining too much of her own trials. They are evidently erased as being guilty of exaggeration. So closely this woman watched over the indulgence of her feelings! Not merely the expression of them to others, but the indulgence in presence of her own conscience.

It will surprise the reader to learn that we have as yet not touched upon the main burden of the book; the thing that is most frequently mentioned, and that evidently has most constant possession of the writer's mind. This burden is her own misery, complicated with her efforts to persuade herself she is happy, or at least that she is in the position that is happiest for her. A hundred times she repeats — from other people's knowledge — that the world would not suit her, that it is full of wickedness and suffering, and that it is her peculiar blessing not to be exposed to its temptations; and a hundred times the reality of her suffering from solitude and vacancy forces itself to the surface, and will be chronicled, in spite of her conscientious efforts to believe and write down that her life is happy. If she could even have heartily entered into the business of self-torment that her Church holds praiseworthy, she would have suffered less. But she was too clear-sighted to do this, her cultivation was too far advanced to let her believe in the merit of it. She quotes on this subject the answer of St. François de Sales to some young woman who asked his advice as to the propriety of adopting the practice of walking barefoot; "Change your hearts and keep your shoes."

She gives this account of her employments and subjects of interest at home; and remember, she lived there above forty years.

"As one advances in life one gets placed in the position necessary to judge of one's affections, and to know them under their veritable aspect. I have all mine before my eyes. I see, first, dolls, play things, birds and butterflies, that I loved; beautiful and innocent affections of childhood. Then, reading, conversation, a little dress — and dreams, beautiful dreams! No, I will not confess!" — p. 23.

What a life a woman must have whose sole pleasures are reading and conversation, and who rarely gets a book and seldom sees a visitor.

Here is another attempt at happiness.

"You are right in saying that I am happily constituted for living in the country. It is my place; elsewhere I should be less happy, perhaps. I recognise in this a care of Providence, who does everything with love for His creatures; who does not make the violet grow in the streets. You see me propped on my window contemplating all this valley of verdure where the nightingale sings. Then I shall go and take care of my hens, sew, spin, embroider in the great room with Marie. So from one thing to another the day passes and we come to evening without *ennui*." — p. 218.

To translate the last word is not possible here. Weariness at evening would be a blessing compared with *ennui*.

Amongst her attempts to find interests in life independent of outward stimulus, she tries writing poetry, and writing this journal for her brother to read. Of the first she says —

"I have renounced poetry because I have seen that God did not ask it of me, but the sacrifice has been so much the more painful, as, in abandoning poetry, poetry has not abandoned me. On the contrary. . . ." — p. 432.

"Shall I tell you why I gave up the journal? Because I find the time lost that I spend in writing. We owe an account of our minutes to God, and is it not making a bad use of them to employ them in tracing the days that are departing?" — p. 35.

Surely it is not from the want of watchful self-denial that her misery springs.

She has one more resource — prayer. And she is alternately explaining what a blessed resource it is, and complaining that she cannot rouse her feelings so as to pray with fervour. Then she quotes advice out of her religious reading —

"If God wearies you, tell Him that He wearies you."

Between her longing for healthy activity and her strenuous efforts to persuade herself that she ought to be happier without it, her mind almost breaks down. She asserts and re-asserts her happiness and her misery till the reader gets angry and contemptuous in spite of her suffering and her noble endurance.

"I would willingly make a vow of seclusion at Cayla, no place pleases me so well as my own home." — p. 11.

Did she think of this when she wrote a few pages after —



"A poor man has passed from a distance; then a little child. That is all there has been to see to-day. Is it worth speaking of?" — p. 27.

"God be thanked for this day passed without sadness. They are so rare in one's life." — p. 41.

"Would to God my thoughts and my soul had never taken flight beyond the little sphere I am forced to move in!"

These lines are erased. Why erased? Tender conscience! When she wrote them did she think the mind's tendency to travel beyond its immediate surroundings was something sinful? When she erased them was it because they were a complaint?

"You make me understand the world so well in your letters, which are pictures, that you detach me from all my illusions, from all which does not make us happy. Your experience instructs me, and I bless God a hundred times for my retired and tranquil life."

Ten pages after —

"I am going to see it, then, this Notre Dame at Paris! How many things for me to see when I go out of my desert!"

And then —

"Among the forbidden fruits of this Paradise of Paris, there are two that I should like to taste; the opera and Mdlle. Rachel. Above all Rachel, who acts Racine so well, people say. That should be fine!"

So she goes on through the book alternately sinning or wishing to sin, and thanking God that she is kept out of temptation; lamenting her dreary and empty life, and repeating how well suited it is to her disposition. Is this woman, longing for tragedy and opera, the same that gave up writing poetry because she owed an account of her minutes? Can it be the same person who, after resolving to read a sermon every day during Lent, says —

"That is for the soul. The mind will live as it can; I know not wherewith to nourish it; no books to my taste. Still, however, something is needed. I cannot do without reading, furnishing something to that which thinks and lives." — p. 167.

And then —

"There is Minnie (her sister) praying. I am going to do the same, and tell God that He wears me. Ah me! what would become of me without prayer, without faith, the thought

of heaven, without this woman's piety which turns to love, to divine love? I should be lost, and without happiness on earth. You may believe me, I have found it so far in nothing, in no human thing, not even in you." — p. 168.

The want of continuity in a mind that repeats two opposite and extreme opinions for years together calls to mind the opinion of the author of "Salem Chapel," concerning one of her creations — "It is to be hoped she was not a responsible creature!"

The one thing certain is her misery. Yes, there is another certainty, to us more important because more profitable. That is the cause of it. There is no doubt that sheer vacancy broke down her mind, and no doubt as to the power and capacity of the mind it destroyed.

It is a common history enough. Solitude has been tried many a hundred years as a refining and spiritualising means, and its results have always been much the same. Eugénie de Guérin but repeats the history of many a cloistered monk and nun who had left themselves nothing to dwell upon but their own feelings, and few incidents in their outward life to feel about. She might have copied from them her extravagant excitement at small events; her tendency to causeless happiness and causeless tears; her ever-recurring wail — she suffers, she suffers without definite subject of complaint.

Such a wail as this has come out of many a cloister: —

"I know not what saddens me, what keeps me languid to-day. Poor soul, poor soul! what is the matter with thee — what dost thou want — where is thy remedy? Everything is green, everything blooms, everything sings, all the air is balmy as if it came out of a flower."

Not many stupefied solitaries would have this felicity of expression —

"Oh it is so fine! let us go out. No; I should be alone, and a beautiful solitude is worth nothing. Eve showed that in Eden."

True: one would even eat the apple for the sake of a change.

"What shall one do then — read, write, pray, take up a basket of sand on one's head, like that recluse, and walk? Yes, work, work. Occupy the body which injures the soul. I have been too quiet to-day, which gives time for a certain weariness which is in me to stagnate (*croupir*). Why am I wearied? Have I not all that I need; all that I love except you (her brother)? Sometimes I think it is the

idea of the convent that does this, which attracts and saddens me." — p. 202.

This picture would not be perfect without the opposite state of feeling.

"Life, in a certain sense, makes itself without us. Some one above us directs it, produces its events, and this thought is sweet to me, I am reassured when I see myself in the care of a Providence of love." — p. 393.

And the life so ordained is such that she can find nothing better to alleviate her sense of misery than to carry a basket of sand on her head! Might not the ordinary work of the world serve the same purpose? Or even the opera and *Mdlle. Rachel* — for which amusements she wishes in the next page.

Is it true that we are so placed on this earth that our life arranges itself without us? That we may wisely remain passive, assured that a superior power directs events?

So far from it that there is no one so weak and incapable that their own exertions will not modify their condition. So far from it that God has given us faculties to be used for this purpose, and made us so that the greatest part of the imperfect happiness that this world affords is given by their activity, and by the labours, hopes, fears, and affections that spring from communion with our kind. We English people have long discarded the virtue of quietism, except with regard to the small class of women to which Eugenie belonged. We believe that what our right hand can honestly earn is ours thankfully to enjoy. And a good deal of contempt mingles with our pity for those who complain of the want of pleasures, and make no effort to obtain them. The only exceptions to this belief are a small number of women who have come down through misfortune from the class rich enough to provide themselves with interests and amusements. They are ignorant of the connection between working and the possession of the good things of this world. How should they know it? And they are imitated by a few beneath them who think, labour being a custom of the lower classes, they will rise in the world by leaving it off.

These two sorts of women make great complaints in the world. Those who think them right in practising a passive morality ought surely to help and provide for them, for they have much to bear. But it is wonderful to find any but these peculiar people reading the history of the slow palsy overpowering a vigorous mind, and looking on

it rather with liking as something feminine — as Chinese are said to admire the staggering gait of their club-footed women — making acquaintance with the grace, delicacy, feeling, talent, fervour, poetry, and what not of a woman who has suffered so much, just as they might make acquaintance with the heroine of a novel or a drama, as a creation to be added to their store of pictures, a thing to have its effect in enlarging the mind and refining their taste in the matter of feminine emotion, and making no protest against the mistaken notion of duty that can result in the sacrifice of such happiness as God puts within our reach. True, our career is at best but a disappointment. We blunder through our lives. The most fortunate have much to bear, the most capable only half succeed —

"And follow out the happiest story,  
It closes with a tomb!"

But we need not therefore fall back into admiration or tolerance of a discarded error, nor add, by false teaching, to the mass of preventible evil. People who have already a large store of good things, so that nothing they can earn would repay them for further exertion, easily get the royal impression that all is vanity, that a man's labour profiteth nothing under the sun, that women especially had better not meddle with it for fear of sciling their hands. But the rest of the world know well that it profits. The weakest and most incapable of them at least escape thereby the pressure that will warp even a strong mind into insanity. And the history of those who have secluded themselves shows that neither happiness nor holiness comes of seclusion.

Some instinct or natural judgment as to the real means of increasing her pleasures shows itself now and then. She seeks painfully like a blind man for the penny thrown at his feet, but in fear and ignorance she turns first to her brother.

"How I long, how I long to hear of you having a social position! for my future attaches itself to yours; they are brothers."

Women in her position always are a burden on their relations. It is the practical result of denying themselves and neglecting the care of their own interests. Either the selfishness or the hopelessness of this expectation probably struck her, for she does not reach out boldly in that direction. What a rebuff to her blind ignorance when her brother, in weak health, marries at

twenty-four without a position at all! She puts out her hand once more, but in fear and trembling. She has heard, she tells her brother, of a man whose wife persuaded him to turn his sisters out of doors. What will her fate be? She did not experiment on the generosity of her new relation, for her brother died eight months after his marriage. But it needed to be blind to put out her hand in this direction at all.

A more hopeful effort she made in another way.

"What shall I do, *mon Dieu*? [It would misrepresent this to translate it.] Write a little book in which I would frame my thoughts, my points of view, my feelings on some subject. That would serve me, perhaps. I would throw my life into it, the fulness of my soul which would overflow in this direction. If you were here I would consult you, you would tell me if I should do it, and what I should do. Then we would sell it, and I should have money to come and see you at Paris. Oh, that is what would tempt me still more than glory!"

How near she comes to the penny! in spite of the confusion of her ideas, her overflowing soul, her refusal of possible fame, her utter want of a subject to write about, she has almost reached the idea that what she wants to have she must earn. Were it not for the timidity of blindness she would have grasped it and made it a stepping-stone to further progress. The honest object clearly set before her, and recognised as one worthy to be aimed at, her ability would sooner or later have found the way to win it. But the teaching, or the artificial ignorance, of her class prevails. There is no trace of any other plan, nor any sign that the earning of money ever again occupied her attention.

Another consequence of a passive life she notices without apparently knowing to what to attribute it.

"Nothing fixed, enduring, vital in the sentiments of women; their attachments to each other are only pretty knots of ribbon. I notice these light tendernesses in all feminine friends. Cannot we love each other differently?"

If you choose your own friends perhaps you might. It is too much to expect that the bond uniting us to our chance acquaintance, without our own choice, should be anything more than a knot of ribbon. Such a bond united her to Louise, to whom her brother betrothed himself. When she died it was transferred to Caroline, whom he afterwards married. With the very com-

mon tendency to think the best of the unknown, she imagines that men have more power of loving. But it is clear that men, like women, can only endeavour to make the best of all associates not of their own choosing, and to render the bond that unites them as much like a pretty bow of ribbon as possible. They love people for quite different reasons. Had Eugenie met with any mentally akin to her, she would have been drawn to them by faith in their kindness, by confidence in their rectitude; and as long as the aspiration after righteousness lasted, she would have clung to them and they to her.

This notion that men can love best seems to be reciprocated by them in favour of women, and as an instance, most men would give the loving nature of Eugenie herself. One great beauty of the book is generally thought to be the warmth of her constant expressions of affection for the brother whom she brought up. From beginning to end of the journal there is scarcely a pleasure mentioned that is not connected with him; she is constantly in raptures for such small mercies as news of her brother, a letter from her brother, a visit from some one who has seen him, the remote prospect of seeing him herself. It is rather frightful to think that she would be a much less interesting character if she had interests of her own that would make her forget her absent brother for a while; to know that her hysterical vivacity of affection is but the result of her vacant misery, and to see that most men make no account of the misery, but admire this result.

With regard to this matter of the cultivation of their feelings, her own opinion of the education of her sex is noticeable. "*C'est fait mal à voir ces pauvres jeunes filles,*" she says:—

"In general we are very ill brought up, it seems to me, and quite contrary to our destinies. We, who will have so much to suffer, are left without strength. People only cultivate our nerves and our sensitiveness, and—our vanity; religion and morality for form's sake, without making them guides to the mind."

It is true; their nerves and sensitiveness are cultivated and valued more than their strength. But after stunting one half the faculties by denying them activity, is the remedy to be to deaden the others, or to omit cultivating them also? The gift of feeling, the power of loving, are blessings after all; and if they caused to Eugenie so much misery that she wished to be without them, that the sight of girls brought up like her—

self gave her pain, it was that they were unprovided with any means of self-help and self-protection, with the varied activity that makes one half of this life's happiness, and often has to make the whole.

It seems very like useless labour to preach in England, in this age, the very commonplace doctrine that what people want they must earn; most of us know and put it in practice already. But there is still a number of women whose life would be happier

if they had not been taught, or if they could unlearn, that money-getting is a depraved taste or a bad habit. They would get rid of the really degrading idea that it is some one else's duty to do this business for them; and though in their helpless ignorance they would not have much success in doing it for themselves, their efforts would have a much better effect than quietism in keeping their minds strong, straight, equable and self-controlled.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The Publishing Season, just commencing, promises to be one of great interest and importance. Amongst the works that may be expected to appear we book the following:—

A Companion volume to "*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*," entitled, *The Philosophy of the Ill-Conditioned, or the Patience of Poverty; Our Countrywomen, or Her Majesty's Females*, by the Author of "*Her Majesty's Maids*;" *The River Plate and the Basin of the Nile*, by an Ex-Minister at Turin; *History of the Edgeware Road* by the Master Cutler, profusely illustrated with engravings on steel; a new Book for Boys, with the attractive heading, *Tales of the Boldest*, by the writer of "*Story of a Boulder*;" *Rural Rambles, being Strolls in Tower Hamlets, Shepherd's Bush, Short's Gardens, Knightsbridge Green, and other sequestered spots*; *Acids, their Powers and Properties*, by Saturday Reviewers; *The Clap'em Sect*, by an old Stager; *Thoughts on Vestments*, by a Superior Washerwoman; *The Law of Capture*, by a Mother of six well-married daughters; and *A Handy Book of Pickpocketing*, by an Ex-Thief.

The readers of fiction are promised, *How to make both Ends meet: A Tale of Personal Suffering*, by an Acrobat, and Novels by the Authors of "*The Second Mrs. Tillotson*," "*Thrice His*," and "*The Three Louisas*," entitled, *Two to One, or The Beautiful Bigamist*; *Three Times Three*, being Tales by a Toastmaster; and *Sixes and Sevens, or Family Jars*. LORD LYTTON is said to have in hand a revised edition of "*The*

*Last of The Barons*," and there are rumours of a new story from his everpointed pen, to be called *The Lords of Creation*. From the Clarendon Press we may look for an Essay, by the Professor of Rural Economy, with the taking title of *How to Live in the Country on Three Hundred a Year*; and a new Magazine to be devoted to the fashions—*Cap and Gown*. Fresh editions of *The "Bridgewater Treatises"*, by eminent railway engineers, and *The Drap(er) Letters*, by promoters of the Saturday half-holiday, are in progress. Several new translations of HOMER in blank verse, hexameters, heroics, the Spenserian measure and hendecasyllabics, will shortly be given to the world—and the waste-paper basket. SHAKESPEARE will not be neglected, some new facts about his life and pocket-money having been discovered at Wroxeter (the ancient *Uriconium*) including his clasp-knife and first copy-book.

Lovers of Illustrated Literature may expect a rich Christmas feast, and the admirers of DORE will be glad to know that he is engaged night and day on pictorial editions of HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON and SHAKESPEARE, the Delphin Classics, the Benedictine Fathers, the Lives of the Saints, Domesday Book, *Jack the Giant Killer*, and other Standard Works. A new *Handbook to the Isle of Wight* will issue from the Press of MESSRS. BLACK; and we have been favoured with an early copy of *Thoughts in Turkish Baths*—in sheets.

The only musical novelty we have to note is "*The Stoker's Galop*," by the composer of "*The Guard's Waltz*."—*Punch*.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## HARRY CLAVERING'S CONFESSION.

HARRY CLAVERING, when he went away from Onslow Crescent, after his interview with Cecilia Burton, was a wretched, pitiable man. He had told the truth of himself, as far as he was able to tell it, to a woman whom he thoroughly esteemed, and having done so was convinced that she could no longer entertain any respect for him. He had laid bare to her all his weakness, and for a moment she had spurned him. It was true that she had again reconciled herself to him, struggling to save both him and her sister from future misery, — that she had even condescended to implore him to be gracious to Florence, taking that which to her mind seemed then to be the surest path to her object; but not the less did he feel that she must despise him. Having promised his hand to one woman, — to a woman whom he still professed that he loved dearly, — he had allowed himself to be cheated into offering it to another. And he knew that the cheating had been his own. It was he who had done the evil. Julia, in showing her affection for him, had tendered her love to a man whom she believed to be free. He had intended to walk straight. He had not allowed himself to be enamoured of the wealth possessed by this woman who had thrown herself at his feet. But he had been so weak that he had fallen in his own despite.

There is, I suppose, no young man possessed of average talents and average education, who does not early in life lay out for himself some career with more or less precision, — some career which is high in its tendencies and noble in its aspirations, and to which he is afterwards compelled to compare the circumstances of the life which he shapes for himself. In doing this he may not attempt, perhaps, to lay down for himself any prescribed amount of success which he will endeavour to reach, or even the very pathway by which he will strive to be successful; but he will tell himself what are the vices which he will avoid, and what the virtues which he will strive to attain. Few young men ever did this with more precision than it had been done by Harry Clavering, and few with more self-confidence. Very early in life he had been successful, — so successful as to enable him to emancipate himself not only from his father's absolute control, but almost also from any interference on his father's part. It had seemed to be admitted that he was a better man than his father, better than the other Claverings,

— the jewel of the race, the Clavering to whom the family would in future years look up, not as their actual head, but as their strongest prop and most assured support. He had said to himself that he would be an honest, truthful, hard-working man, not covetous after money, though conscious that a labourer was worthy of his hire, and conscious also that the better the work done the better should be his wages. Then he had encountered a blow, — a heavy blow from a false woman, — and he had boasted to himself that he had borne it well, as a man should bear all blows. And now, after all these resolves and all these boastings, he found himself brought by his own weakness to such a pass that he hardly dared to look in the face of any his dearest and most intimate friends.

He was not remiss in telling himself all this. He did draw the comparison ruthlessly between the character which he had intended to make his own and that which he now had justly earned. He did not excuse himself. We are told to love others as ourselves, and it is hard to do so. But I think that we never hate others, never despise others, as we are sometimes compelled by our own convictions and self-judgment to hate and to despise ourselves. Harry, as he walked home on this evening, was lost in disgust at his own conduct. He could almost have hit his head against the walls, or thrown himself beneath the waggon as he passed them, so thoroughly was he ashamed of his own life. Even now, on this evening, he had escaped from Onslow Crescent, — basely escaped, — without having declared any purpose. Twice on this day he had escaped, almost by subterfuges; once from Burton's office, and now again from Cecilia's presence. How long was this to go on, or how could life be endurable to him under such circumstances?

In parting from Cecilia, and promising to write at once, and promising to come again in a few days, he had had some idea in his head that he would submit his fate to the arbitrament of Lady Ongar. At any rate he must, he thought, see her, and finally arrange with her what the fate of both of them should be, before he could make any definite statement of his purpose in Onslow Crescent. The last tender of his hand had been made to Julia, and he could not renew his former promises on Florence's behalf, till he had been absolved by Julia.

This may at any rate be pleaded on his behalf, — that in all the workings of his mind at this time there was very little of personal vanity. Very personally vain he had



been when Julia Brabazon, — the beautiful and noble-born Julia, — had first confessed at Clavering that she loved him; but that vanity had been speedily knocked on the head by her conduct to him. Men when they are jilted can hardly be vain of the conquest which has led to such a result. Since that there had been no vanity of that sort. His love to Florence had been open, honest, and satisfactory, but he had not considered himself to have achieved a wonderful triumph at Stratton. And when he found that Lord Ongar's widow still loved him, — that he was still regarded with affection by the woman who had formerly wounded him, — there was too much of pain, almost of tragedy, in his position, to admit of vanity. He would say to himself that, as far as he knew his own heart, he thought he loved Julia the best; but nevertheless, he thoroughly wished that she had not returned from Italy, or that he had not seen her when she had so returned.

He had promised to write, and that he would do this very night. He had failed to make Cecilia Burton understand what he intended to do, having, indeed, hardly himself resolved; but before he went to bed he would both resolve and explain to her his resolution. Immediately, therefore, on his return home he sat down at his desk with the pen in his hand and the paper before him.

At last the words came. I can hardly say that they were the product of any fixed resolve made before he commenced the writing. I think that his mind worked more fully when the pen was in his hands than it had done during the hour through which he sat listless, doing nothing, struggling to have a will of his own, but failing. The letter when it was written was as follows:—

*Bloomsbury Square, May 186—*

DEAREST MRS. BURTON, — I said that I would write to-morrow, but I am writing now, immediately on my return home. Whatever else you may think of me, pray be sure of this, that I am most anxious to make you know and understand my own position at any rate as well as I do myself. I tried to explain it to you when I was with you this evening, but I fear that I failed; and when Mr. Burton came in I could not say anything further.

I know that I have behaved very badly to your sister, — very badly, even though she should never become aware that I have done so. Not that that is possible, for if she were to be my wife to-morrow I should tell her everything. But badly as you must think of me, I have never for a moment had a premeditated intention to deceive her. I believe you do know on

what terms I had stood with Miss Brabazon before her marriage, and that when she married, whatever my feelings might be, there was no self-accusation. And after that you know all that took place between me and Florence till the return of Lord Ongar's widow. Up to that time everything had been fair between us. I had told Florence of my former attachment, and she probably thought but little of it. Such things are so common with men! Some change happens as had happened with me, and a man's second love is often stronger and more worthy of a woman's acceptance than the first. At any rate, she knew it, and there was, so far, an end of it. And you understand, also, how very anxious I was to avoid delay in our marriage. No one knows that better than you, — not even Florence, — for I have talked it over with you so often; and you will remember how I have begged you to assist me. I don't blame my darling Florence. She was doing what she deemed best; but oh, if she had only been guided by what you once said to her!

Then Lord Ongar's widow returned; and dear Mrs. Burton, though I fear you think ill of her, you must remember that as far as you know, or I, she has done nothing wrong, has been in no respect false, since her marriage. As to her early conduct to me, she did what many women have done, but what no woman should do. But how can I blame her, knowing how terrible has been my own weakness! But as to her conduct since her marriage, I implore you to believe with me that she has been sinned against grievously, and has not sinned. Well; as you know, I met her. It was hardly unnatural that I should do so, as we are connected. But whether natural or unnatural, foolish or wise, I went to her often. I thought at first that she must know of my engagement as her sister knew it well, and had met Florence. But she did not know it; and so, having none near her that she could love, hardly a friend but myself, grievously wronged by the world and her own relatives, thinking that with her wealth she could make some amends to me for her former injury, she — Dear Mrs. Burton, I think you will understand it now, and will see that she at least is free from blame.

I am not defending myself; of course all this should have been without effect on me. But I had loved her so dearly! I do love her still so dearly! Love like that does not die. When she left me it was natural that I should seek some one else to love. When she returned to me, — when I found that in spite of her faults she had loved me through it all, I — I yielded and became false and a traitor.

I say that I love her still; but I know well that Florence is far the nobler woman of the two. Florence never could have done what she did. In nature, in mind, in acquirement, in heart, Florence is the better. The man who marries Florence must be happy if any woman can make a man happy. Of her of whom I am now speaking, I know well that I cannot say that. How then, you will ask, can I be



fool enough, having had such a choice, to doubt between the two! How is it that man doubts between vice and virtue, between honour and dishonour, between heaven and hell?

But all this is nothing to you. I do not know whether Florence would take me now. I am well aware that I have no right to expect that she should. But if I understood you aright this evening, she, as yet, has heard nothing of all this. What must she think of me for not writing to her! But I could not bring myself to write in a false spirit; and how could I tell her all that I have now told to you?

I know that you wish that our engagement should go on. Dear Mrs. Burton, I love you so dearly for wishing it! Mr. Burton, when he shall have heard everything, will, I fear, think differently. For me, I feel that I must see Lady Ongar before I can again go to your house, and I write now chiefly to tell you that this is what I have determined to do. I believe she is now away, in the Isle of Wight, but I will see her as soon as she returns. After that I will either come to Onslow Crescent or send. Florence will be with you then. She of course must know everything, and you have my permission to show this letter to her if you think well to do so. — Most sincerely and affectionately yours,  
HARRY CLAVERING.

This he delivered himself the next morning at the door in Onslow Crescent, taking care not to be there till after Theodore Burton should have gone from home. He left a card also, so that it might be known, not only that he had brought it himself, but that he had intended Mrs. Burton to be aware of that fact. Then he went and wandered about, and passed his day in misery, as such men do when they are thoroughly discontented with their own conduct. This was the Saturday on which Lady Ongar returned with her Sophie from the Isle of Wight; but of that premature return Harry knew nothing, and therefore allowed the Sunday to pass by without going to Bolton Street. On the Monday morning he received a letter from home which made it necessary, — or induced him to suppose it to be necessary, that he should go home to Clavering, at any rate for one day. This he did on the Monday, sending a line to Mrs. Burton to say whether he was gone, and that he should be back by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, — and imploring her to give his love to Florence, if she would venture to do so. Mrs. Burton would know what must be his first business in London on his return, and she might be sure he would come or send to Onslow Crescent as soon as that was over.

Harry's letter, — the former and longer letter, Cecilia had read over, till she nearly

knew it by heart, before her husband's return. She well understood that he would be very hard upon Harry. He had been inclined to forgive Clavering for what had been remiss, — to forgive the silence, the absence from the office, and the want of courtesy to his wife, till Harry had confessed his sin; — but he could not endure that his sister should seek the hand of a man who had declared himself to be in doubt whether he would take it, or that any one should seek it for her, in her ignorance of all the truth. His wife, on the other hand, simply looked to Florence's comfort and happiness. That Florence should not suffer the pang of having been deceived and rejected was all in all to Cecilia. "Of course she must know it some day," the wife had pleaded to her husband. "He is not the man to keep anything secret. But if she is told when he has returned to her, and is good to her, the happiness of the return will cure the other misery." But Burton would not submit to this. "To be comfortable at present is not everything," he said. "If the man be so miserably weak that he does not even now know his own mind, Florence had better take her punishment, and be quit of him."

Cecilia had narrated to him with passable fidelity what had occurred upstairs, while he was sitting alone in the dining-room. That she, in her anger, had at one moment spurned Harry Clavering, and that in the next she had knelt to him, imploring him to come back to Florence, — those two little incidents she did not tell to her husband. Harry's adventures with Lady Ongar, as far as she knew them, she described accurately. "I can't make any apology for him; upon my life I can't," said Burton. "If I know what it is for a man to behave ill, falsely, like a knave in such matters, he is so behaving." So Theodore Burton spoke as he took his candle to go away to his work; but his wife had induced him to promise that he would not write to Stratton or take any other step in the matter till they had waited twenty-four hours for Harry's promised letter.

The letter came before the twenty-four hours were expired, and Burton, on his return home on the Saturday, found himself called upon to read and pass judgment upon Harry's confession. "What right has he to speak of her as his darling Florence," he exclaimed, "while he is confessing his own knavery?"

"But if she is his darling — ?" pleaded his wife.

"Trash! But the word from him in such a letter is simply an additional insult. An!

what does he know about this woman who has come back? He vouches for her, but what can he know of her? Just what she tells him. He is simply a fool."

"But you cannot dislike him for believing her word."

"Cecilia," said he, holding down the letter as he spoke,—"you are so carried away by your love for Florence, and your fear lest a marriage which has been once talked of should not take place, that you shut your eyes to this man's true character. Can you believe any good of a man who tells you to your face that he is engaged to two women at once?"

"I think I can," said Cecilia, hardly venturing to express so dangerous an opinion above her breath.

"And what would you think of a woman who did so?"

"Ah, that is so different! I cannot explain it, but you know that it is different."

"I know that you would forgive a man anything, and a woman nothing." To this she submitted in silence, having probably heard the reproof before, and he went on to finish the letter. "Not defending himself!" he exclaimed,—"then why does he not defend himself? When a man tells me that he does not, or cannot defend himself, I know that he is a sorry fellow, without a spark of spirit."

"I don't think that of Harry. Surely that letter shows a spirit."

"Such a one as I should be ashamed to see in a dog. No man should ever be in a position in which he cannot defend himself. No man, at any rate, should admit himself to be so placed. Wish that he should go on with his engagement! I do not wish it at all. I am sorry for Florence. She will suffer terribly. But the loss of such a lover as that is infinitely a lesser loss than would be the gain of such a husband. You had better write to Florence, and tell her not to come."

"Oh, Theodore!"

"That is my advice."

"But there is no post between this and Monday," said Cecilia temporizing.

"Send her a message by the wires."

"You cannot explain this by a telegram, Theodore. Besides, why should she not come? Her coming can do no harm. If you were to tell your mother now of all this, it would prevent the possibility of things ever being right."

"Things,—that is, this thing, never will be right," said he.

"But let us see. She will be here on Monday, and if you think it best you can

tell her everything. Indeed, she must be told when she is here, for I could not keep it from her. I could not smile and talk to her about him and make her think that it is all right."

"Not you! I should be very sorry if you could."

"But I think I could make her understand that she should not decide upon breaking with him altogether."

"And I think I could make her understand that she ought to do so."

"But you wouldn't do that, Theodore?"

"I would if I thought it my duty."

"But at any rate, she must come, and we can talk of that to-morrow."

As to Florence's coming, Burton had given way, beaten, apparently, by that argument about the post. On the Sunday very little was said about Harry Clavering. Cecilia studiously avoided the subject, and Burton had not so far decided on dropping Harry altogether, as to make him anxious to express any such decision. After all, such dropping or not dropping must be the work of Florence herself. On the Monday morning Cecilia had a further triumph. On that day her husband was very fully engaged,—having to meet a synod of contractors, surveyors, and engineers, to discuss which of the remaining thoroughfares of London should not be knocked down by the coming railways,—and he could not absent himself from the Adelphi. It was, therefore, arranged that Mrs. Burton should go to the Paddington Station to meet her sister-in-law. She therefore would have the first word with Florence, and the earliest opportunity of impressing the new-comer with her own ideas. "Of course, you must say something to her of this man," said her husband, "but the less you say the better. After all she must be left to judge for herself." In all matters such as this,—in all affairs of tact, of social intercourse, and of conduct between man and man, or man and woman, Mr. Burton was apt to be eloquent in his domestic discussion, and sometimes almost severe;—but the final arrangement of them was generally left to his wife. He enunciated principles of strategy,—much, no doubt, to her benefit; but she actually fought the battles.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

FLORENCE BURTON PACKS UP A PACKET.

THOUGH nobody had expressed to Florence at Stratton any fear of Harry Clavering's

perfidy, that young lady was not altogether easy in her mind. Weeks and weeks had passed, and she had not heard from him. Her mother was manifestly uneasy, and had announced some days before Florence's departure, her surprise and annoyance in not having heard from her eldest son. When Florence inquired as to the subject of the expected letter, her mother put the question aside, saying, with a little assumed irritability, that of course she liked to get an answer to her letters when she took the trouble to write them. And when the day for Florence's journey drew nigh, the old lady became more and more uneasy,—showing plainly that she wished her daughter was not going to London. But Florence, as she was quite determined to go, said nothing to all this. Her father also was uneasy, and neither of them had for some days named her lover in her hearing. She knew that there was something wrong, and felt that it was better that she should go to London and learn the truth.

No female heart was ever less prone to suspicion than the heart of Florence Burton. Among those with whom she had been most intimate nothing had occurred to teach her that men could be false, or women either. When she had heard from Harry Clavering the story of Julia Brabazon, she had, not making much accusation against the sinner in speech, put Julia down in the books of her mind as a bold, bad woman, who could forget her sex, and sell her beauty and her womanhood for money. There might be such a woman here and there, or such a man. There were murderers in the world,—but the bulk of mankind is not made subject to murderers. Florence had never considered the possibility that she herself could become liable to such a misfortune. And then, when the day came that she was engaged, her confidence in the man chosen by her was unlimited. Such love as hers rarely suspects. He with whom she had to do was Harry Clavering, and therefore she could not be deceived. Moreover she was supported by a self-respect and a self-confidence which did not at first allow her to dream that a man who had once loved her would ever wish to leave her. It was to her as though a sacrament as holy as that of the church had passed between them, and she could not easily bring herself to think that that sacrament had been as nothing to Harry Clavering. But nevertheless there was something wrong, and when she left her father's house at Stratton, she was well aware that she must prepare herself for tidings that might be evil. She could bear

anything, she thought, without disgracing herself; but there were tidings which might send her back to Stratton a broken woman, fit perhaps to comfort the declining years of her father and mother, but fit for nothing else.

Her mother watched her closely as she sat at her breakfast that morning, but much could not be gained by watching Florence Burton when Florence wished to conceal her thoughts. Many messages were sent to Theodore, to Cecilia, and to the children, messages to others of the Burton clan who were in town, but not a word was said of Harry Clavering. The very absence of his name was enough to make them all wretched, but Florence bore it as the Spartan boy bore the fox beneath his tunic. Mrs. Burton could hardly keep herself from a burst of indignation; but she had been strongly warned by her husband, and restrained herself till Florence was gone. "If he is playing her false," said she, as soon as she was alone with her old husband, "he shall suffer for it, though I have to tear his face with my own fingers."

"Nonsense, my dear; nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, Mr. Burton. A gentleman, indeed! He is to be allowed to be dishonest to my girl because he is a gentleman! I wish there was no such thing as a gentleman;—so I do. Perhaps there would be more honest men then." It was unendurable to her that a girl of hers should be so treated.

Immediately on the arrival of the train at the London platform, Florence espied Cecilia, and in a minute was in her arms. There was a special tenderness in her sister-in-law's caress, which at once told Florence that her fears had not been without cause. Who has not felt the evil tidings conveyed by the exaggerated tenderness of a special kiss? But while on the platform and among the porters she said nothing of herself. She asked after Thodore and heard of the railway confederacy with a show of delight. "He'd like to make a line from Hyde Park Corner to the Tower of London," said Florence, with a smile. Then she asked after the children, and specially for the baby; but as yet she spoke no word of Harry Clavering. The trunk and the bag were at last found; and the two ladies were packed into a cab, and had started. Cecilia, when they were seated, got hold of Florence's hand, and pressed it warmly. "Dearest," she said, "I am so glad to have you with us once again." "And now," said Florence, speaking with a calmness that was almost unnatural, "tell me all the truth."

All the truth! What a demand it was. And yet Cecilia had expected that none less would be made upon her. Of course Florence must have known that there was something wrong. Of course she would ask as to her lover immediately upon her arrival. "And now tell me all the truth."

"Oh, Florence!"

"The truth, then, is very bad?" said Florence, gently. "Tell me first of all whether you have seen him. Is he ill?"

"He was with us on Friday. He is not ill."

"Thank God for that. Has anything happened to him? Has he lost money?"

"No; I have heard nothing about money."

"Then he is tired of me. Tell me at once, my own one. You know me so well. You know I can bear it. Don't treat me as though I were a coward."

"No; it is not that. It is not that he is tired of you. If you had heard him speak of you on Friday,—that you were the noblest, purest, dearest, best of women"—This was imprudent on her part; but what loving woman could at such a moment have endured to be prudent.

"Then what is it?" asked Florence, almost sternly. "Look here, Cecilia; if it be anything touching himself or his own character, I will put up with it, in spite of anything my brother may say. Though he had been a murderer, if that were possible, I would not leave him. I will never leave him unless he leaves me. Where is he now, at this moment?"

"He is in town." Mrs. Burton had not received Harry's note, telling her of his journey to Clavering, before she had left home. Now at this moment it was waiting for her in Onslow Crescent.

"And am I to see him? Cecilia, why cannot you tell me how it is? In such a case I should tell you,—should tell you everything at once; because I know that you are not a coward. Why cannot you do so to me?"

"You have heard of Lady Ongar?"

"Heard of her;—yes. She treated Harry very badly before her marriage."

"She has come back to London, a widow."

I know she has. And Harry has gone back to her! Is that it? Do you mean to tell me that Harry and Lady Ongar are to be married?"

"No; I cannot say that. I hope it is not so. Indeed, I do not think it."

"Then what have I to fear? Does she

object to his marrying me? What has she to do between us?"

"She wishes that Harry should come back to her, and Harry has been unsteady. He has been with her often, and he has been very weak. It may be all right yet, Flo; it may indeed,—if you can forgive his weakness."

Something of the truth had now come home to Florence, and she sat thinking of it long before she spoke again. This widow, she knew, was very wealthy, and Harry had loved her before he had come to Stratton. Harry's first love had come back free,—free to wed again, and able to make the fortune of the man she might love and marry. What had Florence to give to any man that could be weighed with this? Lady Ongar was very rich. Florence had already heard all this from Harry,—was very rich, was clever, and was beautiful; and moreover she had been Harry's first love. Was it reasonable that she with her little claims, her puny attractions, should stand in Harry's way when such a prize as that came across him! And as for his weakness;—might it not be strength, rather than weakness;—the strength of an old love which he could not quell, now that the woman was free to take him? For herself,—had she not known that she had only come second? As she thought of him with his noble bride and that bride's great fortune, and of her own insignificance, her low birth, her doubtful prettiness,—prettiness that had ever been doubtful to herself, of her few advantages, she told herself that she had no right to stand upon her claims. "I wish I had known it sooner," she said, in a voice so soft that Cecilia strained her ears to catch the words. "I wish I had known it sooner. I would not have come up to be in his way."

"But you will be in no one's way, Flo, unless it be in hers."

"And I will not be in hers," said Florence, speaking somewhat louder, and raising her head in pride as she spoke. "I will be neither in hers nor in his. I think I will go back at once."

Cecilia upon this ventured to look round at her, and saw that she was very pale, but that her eyes were dry and her lips pressed close together. It had not occurred to Mrs. Burton that her sister-in-law would take it in this way,—that she would express herself as being willing to give way, and that she would at once surrender her lover to her rival. The married woman, she who was already happy with a husband, having

enlisted all her sympathies on the side of a marriage between Florence and Harry Clavering, could by no means bring herself to agree to this view. No one liked success better than Cecilia Burton, and to her success would consist in rescuing Harry from Lady Ongar and securing him for Florence. In fighting this battle she had found that she would have against her Lady Ongar — of course, and then her husband, and Harry himself too, as she feared; and now also she must reckon Florence also among her opponents. But she could not endure the idea of failing in such a cause. "Oh, Florence, I think you are so wrong," she said.

"You would feel as I do, if you were in my place."

"But people cannot always judge best when they feel the most. What you should think of is his happiness."

"So I do; — and of his future career."

"Career! I hate to hear of careers. Men do not want careers, or should not want them. Could it be good for him to marry a woman who has been false — who has done as she has, simply because she has made herself rich by her wickedness? Do you believe so much in riches yourself?"

"If he loves her best, I will not blame him," said Florence. "He knew her before he had seen me. He was quite honest and told me all the story. It is not his fault if he still likes her the best."

When they reached Onslow Crescent, the first half-hour was spent with the children, as to whom Florence could not but observe that even from their mouths the name of Harry Clavering was banished. But she played with Cissy and Sophie, giving them their little presents from Stratton; and sat with the baby in her lap, kissing his pink feet and making little soft noises for his behoof, sweetly as she might have done if no terrible crisis in her own life had now come upon her. Not a tear as yet had moistened her eyes, and Cecilia was partly aware that Florence's weeping would be done in secret. "Come up with me into my own room; — I have something to show you," she said, as the nurse took the baby at last; and Cissy and Sophie were at the same time sent away with their brother. "As I came in I got a note from Harry, but, before you see that, I must show you the letter which he wrote to me on Friday. He has gone down to Clavering. — on some business, — for one day." Mrs. Burton, in her heart, could hardly acquit him of having run out of town at the moment to avoid the arrival of Florence.

They went upstairs, and the note was, in

fact, read before the letter. "I hope there is nothing wrong at the parsonage," said Florence.

"You see he says he will be back after one day."

"Perhaps he has gone to tell them, — of this change in his prospects."

"No, dear, no; you do not yet understand his feelings. Read his letter, and you will know more. If there is to be a change, he is at any rate too much ashamed of it to speak of it. He does not wish it himself. It is simply this, — that she has thrown herself in his way, and he has not known how to avoid her."

Then Florence read the letter very slowly, going over most of the sentences more than once, and struggling to learn from them what were really the wishes of the writer. When she came to Harry's exculpation of Lady Ongar, she believed it thoroughly, and said so, — meeting, however, a direct contradiction on that point from her sister-in-law. When she had finished it, she folded it up and gave it back. "Cissy," she said, "I know that I ought to go back. I do not want to see him, and I am glad that he has gone away."

"But you do not mean to give him up?"

"Yes, dearest."

"But you said you would never leave him, unless he left you."

"He has left me."

"No, Florence; not so. Do you not see what he says; — that he knows you are the only woman that can make him happy?"

"He has not said that; but if he had, it would make no matter. He understands well how it is. He says that I could not take him now, — even if he came to me; and I cannot. How could I? What! wish to marry a man who does not love me, who loves another, when I know that I am regarded simply as a barrier between them; when by doing so I should mar his fortunes? Cissy, dear, when you think of it, you will not wish it."

"Mar his fortunes! It would make them. I do wish it, — and he wishes it too. I tell you that I had him here, and I know it. Why should you be sacrificed?"

"What is the meaning of self-denial, if no one can bear to suffer?"

"But he will suffer too, — and all for her caprices! You cannot really think that her money would do him any good. Who would ever speak to him again, or even see him? What would the world say of him? Why, his own father and mother and sisters would disown him, if they are such as you say they are."



Florence would not argue it further, but went to her room, and remained there alone till Cecilia came to tell her that her brother had returned. What weeping there may have been there, need not be told. Indeed, as I think, there was not much, for Florence was a girl whose education had not brought her into the way of hysterical sensations. The Burtons were an active, energetic people who sympathized with each other in labour and success,—and in endurance also; but who had little sympathy to express for the weaknesses of grief. When her children had stumbled in their play, bruising their little noses, and barking their little shins, Mrs. Burton, the elder, had been wont to bid them rise, asking them what their legs were for, if they could not stand. So they had dried their own little eyes with their own little fists, and had learned to understand that the rubs of the world were to be borne in silence. This rub that had come to Florence was of grave import, and had gone deeper than the outward skin; but still the old lesson had its effect.

Florence rose from the bed on which she was lying, and prepared to come down. "Do not commit yourself to him, as to anything," said Cecilia.

"I understand what that means," Florence answered. "He thinks as I do. But never mind. He will not say much, and I shall say less. It is bad to talk of this to any man,—even to a brother."

Burton also received his sister with that exceptional affection which declares pity for some overwhelming misfortune. He kissed her lips, and was rare with him, for he would generally but just touch her forehead, and he put his hand behind her waist and partly embraced her. "Did Cissy manage to find you at the station?"

"Oh, yes;—easily."

"Theodore thinks that a woman is no good for any such purpose as that," said Cecilia. "It is a wonder to him, no doubt, that we are not now wandering about London in search of each other,—and of him."

"I think she would have got home quicker if I could have been there," said Burton.

"We were in a cab in one minute;—weren't we, Florence? The difference would have been that you would have given a porter sixpence,—and I gave him a shilling, having bespoken him before."

"And Theodore's time was worth the sixpence, I suppose," said Florence.

"That depends," said Cecilia. "How did the synod go on?"

"The synod made an ass of itself;—as synods always do. It is necessary to get a

lot of men together, for the show of the thing,—otherwise the world will not believe. That is the meaning of committees. But the real work must always be done by one or two men. Come;—I'll go and get ready for dinner."

The subject,—the one real subject, had thus been altogether avoided at this first meeting with the man of the house, and the evening passed without any allusion to it. Much was made of the children, and much was said of the old people at home; but still there was a consciousness over them all that the one matter of importance was being kept in the background. They were all thinking of Harry Clavering, but no one mentioned his name. They all knew that they were unhappy and heavy-hearted through his fault, but no one blamed him. He had been received in that house with open arms, had been warmed in their bosom, and had stung them; but though they were all smarting from the sting, they uttered no complaint. Burton had made up his mind that it would be better to pass over the matter thus in silence,—to say nothing further of Harry Clavering. A misfortune had come upon them. They must bear it, and go on as before. Harry had been admitted into the London office on the footing of a paid clerk,—on the same footing, indeed, as Burton himself, though with a much smaller salary and inferior work. This position had been accorded to him of course through the Burton interest, and it was understood that if he chose to make himself useful, he could rise in the business as Theodore had risen. But he could only do so as one of the Burtons. For the last three months he had declined to take his salary, alleging that private affairs had kept him away from the office. It was to the hands of Theodore Burton himself that such matters came for management, and therefore there had been no necessity for further explanation. Harry Clavering would of course leave the house, and there would be an end of him in the records of the Burton family. He would have come and made his mark,—a terrible mark, and would have passed on. Those whom he had bruised by his cruelty, and knocked over by his treachery, must get to their feet again as best they could, and say as little as might be of their fall. There are knaves in this world, and no one can suppose that he has a special right to be exempted from their knavery because he himself is honest. It is on the honest that the knaves prey. That was Burton's theory in this matter. He would learn from



Cecilia how Florence was bearing herself; but to Florence herself he would say little or nothing if she bore with patience and dignity, as he believed she would, the calamity which had befallen her.

But he must write to his mother. The old people at Stratton must not be left in the dark as to what was going on. He must write to his mother, unless he could learn from his wife that Florence herself had communicated to them at home the fact of Harry's iniquity. But he asked no question as to this on the first night, and on the following morning he went off, having simply been told that Florence had seen Harry's letter, that she knew all, and that she was carrying herself like an angel.

"Not like an angel that hopes?" said Theodore.

"Let her alone for a day or two," said Cecilia. "Of course she must have a few days to think of it. I need hardly tell you that you will never have to be ashamed of your sister."

The Tuesday and the Wednesday passed by, and though Cecilia and Florence when together discussed the matter, no change was made in the wishes or thoughts of either of them. Florence, now that she was in town, had consented to remain till after Harry should return, on the understanding that she should not be called upon to see him. He was to be told that she forgave him altogether,—that his troth was returned to him and that he was free, but that in such circumstances a meeting between them could be of no avail. And then a little packet was made up, which was to be given to him. How was it that Florence had brought with her all his presents and all his letters? But there they were in her box upstairs, and sitting by herself, with weary fingers, she packed them, and left them packed under lock and key, addressed by herself to Harry Clavering, Esq. Oh, the misery of packing such a parcel! The feeling with which a woman does it is never encountered by a man. He chuckles the things together in wrath,—the lock of hair, the letters in the pretty Italian hand that have taken so much happy care in the writing, the jewelled shirt-studs, which were first put in by the fingers that gave them. They are thrown together, and given to some other woman to deliver. But the girl lingers over her torture. She reads the letters again. She thinks of the moments of bliss which each little toy has given. She is loath to part with everything. She would fain keep some one thing,—the smallest of them all. She

doubts,—till a feeling of maidenly reserve constrains her at last, and the coveted trifle, with careful, painstaking fingers, is put with the rest, and the parcel is made complete, and the address is written with precision.

"Of course I cannot see him," said Florence. "You will hand to him what I have to send to him; and you must ask him, if he has kept any of my letters, to return them." She said nothing of the shirt-studs, but he would understand that. As for the lock of hair,—doubtless it had been burned.

Cecilia said but little in answer to this. She would not as yet look upon the matter as Florence looked at it, and as Theodore did also. Harry was to be back in town on Thursday morning. He could not, probably, be seen or heard of on that day, because of his visit to Lady Ongar. It was absolutely necessary that he should see Lady Ongar before he could come to Onslow Terrace, with possibility of becoming once more the old Harry Clavering whom they were all to love. But Mrs. Burton would by no means give up all hope. It was useless to say anything to Florence, but she still hoped that good might come.

And then, as she thought of it all, a project came into her head. Alas, and alas! Was she not too late with her project? Why had she not thought of it on the Tuesday or early on the Wednesday, when it might possibly have been executed? But it was a project which she must have kept secret from her husband, of which he would by no means have approved; and as she remembered this, she told herself that perhaps it was as well that things should take their own course without such interference as she had contemplated.

On the Thursday morning there came to her a letter in a strange hand. It was from Clavering,—from Harry's mother. Mrs. Clavering wrote, as she said, at her son's request, to say that he was confined to his bed, and could not be in London as soon as he expected. Mrs. Burton was not to suppose that he was really ill, and none of the family were to be frightened. From this Mrs. Burton learned that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's apostasy. The letter went on to say that Harry would write as soon as he himself was able, and would probably be in London early next week,—at any rate before the end of it. He was a little feverish, but there was no cause for alarm. Florence, of course, could only listen and turn pale. Now at any rate she must remain in London.

Mrs. Burton's project might, after all, be feasible; but then what if her husband should really be angry with her? That was a misfortune which never yet had come upon her.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### SHOWING WHY HARRY CLAVERING WAS WANTED AT THE RECTORY.

THE letter which had summoned Harry to the parsonage had been from his mother, and had begged him to come to Clavering at once, as trouble had come upon them from an unexpected source. His father had quarrelled with Mr. Saul. The rector and the curate had had an interview, in which there had been high words, and Mr. Clavering had refused to see Mr. Saul again. Fanny also was in great trouble, — and the parish was, as it were, in hot water. Mrs. Clavering thought that Harry had better run down to Clavering, and see Mr. Saul. Harry, not unwillingly, acceded to his mother's request, much wondering at the source of this new misfortune. As to Fanny, she, as he believed, had held out no encouragement to Mr. Saul's overtures. When Mr. Saul had proposed to her, — making that first offer of which Harry had been aware, — nothing could have been more steadfast than her rejection of the gentleman's hand. Harry had regarded Mr. Saul as little less than mad to think of such a thing, but, thinking of him as a man very different in his ways and feelings from other men, had believed that he might go on at Clavering comfortably as curate in spite of that little accident. It appeared, however, that he was not going on comfortably; but Harry, when he left London, could not quite imagine how such violent discomfort should have arisen that the rector and the curate should be unable to meet each other. If the reader will allow me, I will go back a little and explain this.

The reader already knows what Fanny's brother did not know, — namely, that Mr. Saul had pressed his suit again, and had pressed it very strongly; and he also knows that Fanny's reception of the second offer was very different from her reception of the first. She had begun to doubt; — to doubt whether her first judgment as to Mr. Saul's character had not been unjust, — to doubt whether, in addressing her, he was not right, seeing that his love for her was so strong, — to doubt whether she did not like him better than she had thought she did, — to doubt

whether an engagement with a penniless curate was in truth a position utterly to be comprehended and avoided. Young penniless curates must love somebody as well as young beneficed vicars and rectors. And then Mr. Saul pleaded his cause so well!

She did not at once speak to her mother on the matter, and the fact that she had a secret made her very wretched. She had left Mr. Saul in doubt, giving him no answer, and he had said that he would ask her again in a few days what was to be his fate. She hardly knew how to tell her mother of this till she had told herself what were her own wishes. She thoroughly desired to have her mother in her confidence, and promised herself that it should be so before Mr. Saul renewed his suit. He was a man who was never hurried or impatient in his doings. But Fanny put off the interview with her mother, — put off her own final resolution, till it was too late, and Mr. Saul came upon her again, when she was but ill-prepared for him.

A woman, when she doubts whether she loves or does not love, is inclined five parts out of six towards the man of whom she is thinking. When a woman doubts she is lost, the cynics say. I simply assert, being no cynic, that when a woman doubts she is won. The more Fanny thought of Mr. Saul, the more she felt that he was not the man for which she had first taken him, — that he was of larger dimensions as regarded spirit, manhood, and heart, and better entitled to a woman's love. She would not tell herself that she was attached to him; but in all her arguments with herself against him, she rested her objection mainly on the fact, that he had but seventy pounds a year. And then the threatened attack, the attack that was to be final, came upon her before she was prepared for it!

They had been together as usual during the intervening time. It was, indeed, impossible that they should not be together. Since she had first begun to doubt about Mr. Saul, she had been more diligent than heretofore in visiting the poor and in attending to her school, as though she were recognizing the duty which would specially be hers if she were to marry such a one as he. And thus they had been brought together more than ever. All this her mother had seen, and seeing, had trembled; but she had not thought it wise to say anything till Fanny should speak. Fanny was very good and very prudent. It could not be but that Fanny should know how impossible must be such a marriage. As to the rector he had no suspicions on the matter. Saul

had made himself an ass on one occasion, and there had been an end of it. As a curate Saul was invaluable, and therefore the fact of his having made himself an ass had been forgiven him. It was thus that the rector looked at it.

It was hardly more than ten days since the last walk in Cumberly Lane when Mr. Saul renewed the attack. He did it again on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. Twice a week, always on the same days, he was in the chapel up at this end of the parish, and on these days he could always find Fanny on her way home. When he put his head in at the little school door and asked for her, her mind misgave her. He had not walked home with her since, and though he had been in the school with her often, had always left her there, going about his own business, as though he were by no means desirous of her company. Now the time had come, and Fanny felt that she was not prepared. But she took up her hat, and went out to him, knowing that there was no escape.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "have you thought of what I was saying to you?" To this she made no answer, but merely played with the point of the parasol which she held in her hand. "You cannot but have thought of it," he continued. "You could not dismiss it altogether from your thoughts."

"I have thought about it, of course," she said.

"And what does your mind say? Or rather what does your heart say? Both should speak, but I would sooner hear the heart first."

"I am sure, Mr. Saul, that it is quite impossible?"

"In what way impossible?"

"Papa would not allow it."

"Have you asked him?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Or Mrs. Clavering?"

Fanny blushed as she remembered how she had permitted the days to go by without asking her mother's counsel. "No; I have spoken to no one. Why should I, when I knew that it is impossible?"

"May I speak to Mr. Clavering?" To this Fanny made no immediate answer, and then Mr. Saul urged the question again. "May I speak to your father?"

Fanny felt that she was assenting, even in that she did not answer such a question by an immediate refusal of her permission; and yet she did not mean to assent. "Miss Clavering," he said, "if you regard me with affection, you have no right to refuse me this request. I tell you so boldly. If you

feel for me that love which would enable you to accept me as your husband, it is your duty to tell me so,—your duty to me, to yourself, and to your God."

Fanny did not quite see the thing in this light, and yet she did not wish to contradict him. At this moment she forgot that in order to put herself on perfectly firm ground, she should have gone back to the first hypothesis, and assured him that she did not feel any such regard for him. Mr. Saul, whose intellect was more acute, took advantage of her here, and chose to believe that that matter of her affection was now conceded to him. He knew what he was doing well, and is open to a charge of some jesuitry. "Mr. Saul," said Fanny, with grave prudence, "it cannot be right for people to marry when they have nothing to live upon." When she had shown him so plainly that she had no other piece left on the board to play than this, the game may be said to have been won on his side.

"If that be your sole objection," said he, "you cannot but think it right that I and your father should discuss it." To this she made no reply whatever, and they walked along the lane for a considerable way in silence. Mr. Saul would have been glad to have had the interview over now, feeling that at any future meeting he would have stronger power of assuming the position of an accepted lover than he would do now. Another man would have desired to get from her lips a decided word of love,—to take her hand, perhaps, and to feel some response from it,—to go further than this, as is not unlikely, and plead for the happy indulgences of an accepted lover. But Mr. Saul abstained, and was wise in abstaining. She had not so far committed herself, but that she might even now have drawn back, had he pressed her too hard. For hand-pressing, and the titillations of love-making, Mr. Saul was not adapted; but he was a man, who having once loved, would love on to the end.

The way, however, was too long to be completed without further speech. Fanny, as she walked, was struggling to find some words by which she might still hold her ground, but the words were not forthcoming. It seemed to herself that she was being carried away by this man, because she had suddenly lost her remembrance of all negatives. The more she struggled the more she failed, and at last gave it up in despair. Let Mr. Saul say what he would, it was impossible that they should be married. All his arguments about duty were nonsense. It could not be her duty to marry a man who would have to starve in his attempt to

keep her. She wished she had told him at first that she did not love him, but that seemed to be too late now. The moment that she was in the house she would go to her mother and tell her everything.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I shall see your father to-morrow."

"No, no," she ejaculated.

"I shall certainly do so in any event. I shall either tell him that I must leave the parish, — explaining to him why I must go; or I shall ask him to let me remain here in the hope that I may become his son-in-law. You will not now tell me that I am to go?" Fanny was again silent, her memory failing her as to either negative or affirmative that would be of service. "To stay here hopeless would be impossible to me. Now I am not hopeless. Now I am full of hope. I think I could be happy, though I had to wait as Jacob waited."

"And perhaps have Jacob's consolation," said Fanny. She was lost by the joke and he knew it. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed his thin face as he heard it, and there was a feeling of triumph at his heart. "I am hardly fitted to be a patriarch, as the patriarchs were of old," he said. "Though the seven years should be prolonged to fourteen I do not think I should seek any Leah."

They were soon at the gate, and his work for that evening was done. He would go home to his solitary room at a neighboring farm-house, and sit in triumph as he eat his morsel of cold mutton by himself. He, without any advantage of a person to back him, poor, friendless, hitherto conscious that he was unfitted to mix even in ordinary social life — he had won the heart of the fairest woman he had ever seen. "You will give me your hand at parting," he said, whereupon she tendered it to him with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "I hope we understand each other," he continued. "You may at any rate understand this, that I love you with all my heart and all my strength. If things prosper with me, all my prosperity shall be for you. If there be no prosperity for me, you shall be my only consolation in this world. You are my Alpha and my Omega, my first and last, my beginning and end, — my everything, my all." Then he turned away and left her, and there had come no negative from her lips. As far as her lips were concerned no negative was any longer possible to her.

She went into the house knowing that she must at once seek her mother; but she allowed herself first to remain for some half-hour in her own bedroom, preparing the words that she would use. The interview

she knew would be difficult, — much more difficult than it would have been before her last walk with Mr. Saul; and the worst of it was that she could not quite make up her mind as to what it was that she wished to say. She waited till she should hear her mother's step on the stairs. At last Mrs. Clavering came up to dress, and then Fanny following her quickly into her bedroom, abruptly began.

"Mamma," she said, "I want to speak to you very much."

"Well, my dear?"

"But you musn't be in a hurry, mamma." Mrs. Clavering looked at her watch, and declaring that it still wanted three-quarters of an hour to dinner, promised that she would not be very much in a hurry.

"Mamma, Mr. Saul has been speaking to me again."

"Has he, my dear? You cannot, of course, help it if he chooses to speak to you, but he ought to know that it is very foolish. It must end in his having to leave us."

"That is what he says, mamma. He says he must go away unless" —

"Unless what?"

"Unless I will consent that he shall remain here as" —

"As your accepted lover. Is that it, Fanny?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then he must go, I suppose. What else can any of us say? I shall be sorry both for his sake and for your papa's." Mrs. Clavering as she said this looked at her daughter, and saw at once that this edict on her part did not settle the difficulty. There was that in Fanny's face which showed trouble and the necessity of further explanation. "Is not that what you think yourself, my dear?" Mrs. Clavering asked.

"I should be very sorry if he had to leave the parish on my account."

"We shall all feel that, dearest; but what can we do? I presume you don't wish him to remain as your lover?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Fanny.

It was then as Mrs. Clavering had feared. Indeed from the first word that Fanny had spoken on the present occasion, she had almost been sure of the facts, as they now were. To her father it would appear wonderful that his daughters should have come to love such a man as Mr. Saul, but Mrs. Clavering knew better than he how far perseverance will go with women, — perseverance joined with high mental capacity, and with high spirit to back it. She was grieved but not surprised, and would at once have accepted the idea of Mr. Saul becoming her son-in-

law, had not the poverty of the man been so much against him. "Do you mean, my dear, that you wish him to remain here after what he has said to you? That would be tantamount to accepting him. You understand that, Fanny; — eh, dear?"

"I suppose it would, mamma."

"And is that what you mean? Come, dearest, tell me the whole of it. What have you said to him yourself? What has he been led to think from the answer you have given him to-day?"

"He says that he means to see papa to-morrow."

"But is he to see him with your consent?" Fanny had hitherto placed herself in the nook of a bow-window which looked out into the garden, and there, though she was near to the dressing-table at which her mother was sitting, she could so far screen herself as almost to hide her face when she was speaking. From this retreat her mother found it necessary to withdraw her; so she rose, and going to a sofa in the room, bade her daughter come and sit beside her. "A doctor, my dear, can never do any good," she said, "unless the patient will tell him everything. Have you told Mr. Saul that he may see papa, — as coming from you, you know?"

"No, mamma; — I did not tell him that. I told him that it would be altogether impossible, because we should be so poor."

"He ought to have known that himself."

"But I don't think he ever thinks of such things as that, mamma. I can't tell you quite what he said, but it went to show that he didn't regard money at all."

"But that is nonsense; is it not, Fanny?"

"What he means is, not that people if they are fond of each other ought to marry at once when they have got nothing to live upon, but that they ought to tell each other so and then be content to wait. I suppose he thinks that some day he may have a living."

"But, Fanny, are you fond of him; — and have you ever told him so?"

"I have never told him so, mamma."

"But you are fond of him?" To this question Fanny made no answer, and now Mrs. Clavering knew it all. She felt no inclination to scold her daughter, or even to point out in very strong language how foolish Fanny had been in allowing a man to engage her affections merely by asking for them. The thing was a misfortune, and should have been avoided by the departure of Mr. Saul from the parish after his first declaration of love. He had been allowed

to remain for the sake of the rector's comfort, and the best must now be made of it. That Mr. Saul must now go was certain, and Fanny must endure the weariness of an attachment with an absent lover to which her father would not consent. It was very bad, but Mrs. Clavering did not think that she could make it better by attempting to scold her daughter into renouncing the man.

"I suppose you would like me to tell papa all this before Mr. Saul comes to-morrow?"

"If you think it best, mamma."

"And you mean, dear, that you would wish to accept him, only that he has no income?"

"I think so, mamma."

"Have you told him so?"

"I did not tell him so, but he understands it."

"If you did not tell him so, you might still think of it again."

But Fanny had surrendered herself now, and was determined to make no further attempt at sending the garrison up to the wall. "I am sure, mamma, that if he were well off, like Edward, I should accept him. It is only because he has no income."

"But you have not told him that?"

"I would not tell him anything without your consent and papa's. He said he should go to papa to-morrow, and I could not prevent that. I did say that I knew it was quite impossible."

The mischief was done and there was no help for it. Mrs. Clavering told her daughter that she would talk it all over with the rector that night, so that Fanny was able to come down to dinner without fearing any further scene on that evening. But on the following morning she did not appear at prayers, nor was she present at the breakfast table. Her mother went to her early, and she immediately asked if it was considered necessary that she should see her father before Mr. Saul came. But this was not required of her. "Papa says that it is out of the question," said Mrs. Clavering. "I told him so myself," said Fanny, beginning to whimper. "And there must be no engagements," said Mrs. Clavering. "No, mamma. I haven't engaged myself. I told him it was impossible." "And papa thinks that Mr. Saul must leave him," continued Mrs. Clavering. "I knew papa would say that; — but, mamma, I shall not forget him for that reason." To this Mrs. Clavering made no reply, and Fanny was allowed to remain upstairs till Mr. Saul had come and gone.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Saul did come. His presence at the rectory was so



common that the servants were not generally summoned to announce his arrivals, but his visits were made to Mrs. Clavering and Fanny more often than to the rector. On this occasion he rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Clavering, and was shown into the rector's so-called study, in a way that the maid-servant felt to be unusual. And the rector was sitting uncomfortably prepared for the visit, not having had his after-breakfast cigar. He had been induced to declare that he was not, and would not be, angry with Fanny; but Mr. Saul was left to such indignation as he thought it incumbent on himself to express. In his opinion, the marriage was impossible, not only because there was no money, but because Mr. Saul was Mr. Saul, and because Fanny Clavering was Fanny Clavering. Mr. Saul was a gentleman; but that was all that could be said of him. There is a class of country clergymen in England, of whom Mr. Clavering was one, and his son-in-law, Mr. Fielding, another, which is so closely allied to the squirearchy, as to possess a double identity. Such clergymen are not only clergymen, but they are country gentlemen also. Mr. Clavering regarded clergymen of his class, — of the country gentlemen class, as being quite distinct from all others, — and as being, I may say, very much higher than all others, without reference to any money question. When meeting his brother rectors and vicars, he had quite a different tone in addressing them, — as they might belong to his class, or to another. There was no offence in this. The clerical country-gentlemen understood it all as though there were some secret sign or shibboleth between them; but the outsiders had no complaint to make of arrogance, and did not feel themselves aggrieved. They hardly knew that there was an inner clerical familiarity to which they were not admitted. But now that there was a young curate from the outer circle demanding Mr. Clavering's daughter in marriage, and that without a shilling in his pocket, Mr. Clavering felt that the eyes of the offender must be opened. The nuisance to him was very great, but this opening of Mr. Saul's eyes was a duty from which he could not shrink.

He got up when the curate entered, and greeted his curate, as though he were unaware of the purpose of the present visit. The whole burden of the story was to be thrown upon Mr. Saul. But that gentleman was not long in casting the burden from his shoulders. "Mr. Clavering," he said, "I have come to ask your permission to be a suitor for your daughter's hand."

The rector was almost taken aback by the abruptness of the request. "Quite impossible, Mr. Saul," he said — "quite impossible. I am told by Mrs. Clavering that you were speaking to Fanny again, about this yesterday, and I must say, that I think you have been behaving very badly."

"In what way have I behaved badly?"

"In endeavouring to gain her affections behind my back."

"But, Mr. Clavering, how otherwise could I gain them? How otherwise does any man gain any woman's love? If you mean" —

"Look here, Mr. Saul. I don't think that there is any necessity for an argument between you and me on this point. That you cannot marry Miss Clavering is so self-evident that it does not require to be discussed. If there were nothing else against it, neither of you have got a penny. I have not seen my daughter since I heard of this madness, — hear me out if you please, sir, — since I heard of this madness, but her mother tells me that she is quite aware of that fact. Your coming to me with such a proposition is an absurdity if it is nothing worse. Now you must do one of two things, Mr. Saul. You must either promise me that this shall be at an end altogether, or you must leave the parish."

"I certainly shall not promise you that my hopes as they regard your daughter will be at an end."

"Then, Mr. Saul, the sooner you go the better."

A dark cloud came across Mr. Saul's brow as he heard these last words. "That is the way in which you would send your groom, if he had offended you," he said.

"I do not wish to be unnecessarily harsh," said Mr. Clavering, "and what I say to you now I say to you not as my curate, but as to a most unwarranted suitor for my daughter's hand. Of course I cannot turn you out of the parish at a day's notice. I know that well enough. But your feelings as a gentleman ought to make you aware that you should go at once."

"And that is to be my only answer?"

"What answer did you expect?"

"I have been thinking so much lately of the answers I might get from your daughter, that I have not made other calculations. Perhaps I had no right to expect any other than that you have now given me."

"Of course you had not. And now I ask you again to give her up."

"I shall not do that certainly."

"Then, Mr. Saul, you must go; and, inconvenient as it will be to myself, — terribly inconvenient, I must ask you to go at once."



Of course I cannot allow you to meet my daughter any more. As long as you remain she will be debarred from going to her school, and you will be debarred from coming here."

"If I say that I will not seek her at the school?"

"I will not have it. It is out of the question that you should remain in the parish. You ought to feel it."

"Mr. Clavering, my going,—I mean my instant going,—is a matter of which I have not yet thought. I must consider it before I give you an answer."

"It ought to require no consideration," said Mr. Clavering, rising from his chair,— "none at all; not a moment's. Heavens and earth! Why, what did you suppose you were to live upon? But I won't discuss it. I will not say one more word upon a subject

which is so distasteful to me. You must excuse me if I leave you." Mr. Saul then departed, and from this interview had arisen that state of things in the parish which had induced Mrs. Clavering to call Harry to their assistance. The rector had become more energetic on the subject than any of them had expected. He did not actually forbid his wife to see Mr. Saul, but he did say that Mr. Saul should not come to the rectory. Then there arose a question as to the Sunday services, and yet Mr. Clavering would have no intercourse with his curate. He would have no intercourse with him unless he would fix an immediate day for going, or else promise that he would think no more of Fanny. Hitherto he had done neither, and therefore Mrs. Clavering had sent for her son.

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS. — Mr. Solly, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Surg. St. Thomas's Hosp., Lond., says, speaking of the education of girls: — "As an old physiologist I wish to give my opinion. I am quite certain that there would be less illness amongst the upper classes if their brains were more regularly and systematically worked." Again, Dr. Aldis, of London, says: — "I am perfectly convinced, as the result of many years' practice, that whatever tends to develop the minds of women will have the best effect on their moral and physical as well as intellectual health." Dr. Hufeland, in a work edited by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., says: — "It was the first and unalterable destiny of man, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He who eats without labour will never thrive. We shall find that no idler ever attained to a great age; and that those who have been distinguished for their longevity were all men whose lives had been extremely active and laborious. But mental idleness is hurtful as well as bodily, because it produces languor. What do we remark in a man who is subject to languor? He begins to yawn; this already betrays that the passage of the blood through the lungs is interrupted. The power of the heart and vessels suffers of course, and becomes too torpid. If the evil continues longer, accumulations and stoppages of the blood take place. The organs of digestion acquire a tendency to weakness . . . all the functions are weakened and deranged—a state which disturbs the most important functions of the body, and which enfeebles the noblest powers, is a shortener of life. But I think I hear one ask, what is the best remedy for languor? It accompanies us to the ball, to the playhouse, the tea table, in our walks. In an-

swer there is only one, but not a very agreeable remedy for it, and that is, regular occupation." Again, to quote from Dr. Spencer Thomson: "How common is etiolation, or blanching, caused by town life; this as Dr. James Johnson traces, is indicative, in the higher classes, of no avocation, in the middle and lower, of unhealthy avocation. No avocation and unhealthy avocation! the one with its ennuis, its indulgences, and its excitements; the other with its overwork and anxieties, and its excitements." Dr. Leared, M.D., Oxon. and Lond., when speaking of the injury to the digestive organs caused by luxurious habits, writes thus: — "Idleness, and the want of a definite pursuit in life, must rank high in this class of causes." Unfortunately doctors are sometimes too busy, or too inconsiderate, to give the whole of this subject the careful investigation it deserves. They find a child feverish and excitable, and they say, Stop the lessons. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and if these doctors knew more, they would find that various causes are capable of producing the same result. The strange and remarkable adventures of "Lydia Languish" may be the cause of a nervous fatigue, commonly supposed to be produced by the intensely exciting nature of French verbs or the history of England. Should the doctor, misled by the accounts given of the number of hours spent in work, prescribe absolute rest, the evil will of course be aggravated, for it is just as impossible for the brain of a child to remain inactive, as it is for any other part of its body. If a child be not occupied in healthy work, it will find some other. Exciting day-dreams and sensational novels will take the place of grammar and history; juvenile balls, of wholesome exercise. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### OUR AMUSEMENTS.

"AMUSING themselves very gloomily — *moult tristement* — after their fashion." Such was the account which the lively French chronicler, five hundred years ago, gave of his English neighbours. It is as true now, in this nineteenth century, as ever it was. There are desperate efforts after amusement, as we suppose there were then, amongst the richer classes of luxurious idlers, who have nothing else to do. Wherever pleasure is the only business of life, it is no wonder that it should prove very hard work indeed. The true idea of amusement is, of course, recreation *after* work; and here it is that we manage so badly. It seems as if a true Briton could only get one idea of life into his head at a time; though it is but justice to say that he sticks to this with wonderful tenacity. If he "goes in" for pleasure, as the slang is, he goes in for it thoroughly, and is determined to have his full innings. If he belongs to the fashionable world, the pains which he will take, and the sufferings he will go through, to keep himself and his family in the full round of fashionable pleasures, do credit to his pluck and perseverance — and here the masculine pronoun must be distinctly understood to include, in grammarian's language, the less worthy gender. Even here, any motive so slight as mere amusement is scouted; all comes under the name, dear to English moralists of all schools, of "duty" — "my duty to society." So, too, he who goes in for business does it thoroughly, and has no idea of investing time in what doesn't pay. Or, if he must take a holiday, it is done in the same energetic style — a rush across the Continent (if he be young), a terrific scramble up some mountain where no man ever went before, and where no man was ever meant to go; or, if he has more time to spare, he contrives to spend it in some still more delightfully disagreeable expedition; and probably favours the public with the account of it in print, as 'A Christmas Holiday on an Iceberg,' or 'Three Weeks in a Cannibal Family.' In his graver years, he takes a month of what he calls holiday at some English watering-place where the greatest discomfort may be bought at the greatest expense, — much on the same principle as the hard-working mechanic loves to concentrate his enjoyment into three days of drunken debauch and a pair of black eyes. There has been a little stir making in this last direction of

late; that is, well-meaning persons have been busy in trying to provide wholesome recreation for the working classes, just as others, with the most praiseworthy zeal, have been trying to suggest some kind of religious entertainment adapted to their tastes. It is a pity, perhaps, that in both cases so little heed has been taken of the old adage, that "Charity begins at home."

There is quite as much want of real amusement for the higher classes as for the lower. The modern rage for sensational excitement and costly display has no claim to be so called. These pomps and vanities rather weary and disgust than refresh or exhilarate. A simple, active, practical mind gets impatient of these things; and it is not difficult to understand a man like the late Sir Cornewall Lewis declaring that "life would be very pleasant, if it were not for its amusements." What is wanted in our busy life is some means of honest and hearty recreation for mind and body which shall unbend the strained faculties from time to time, and send the toiler back to his duties a healthier and a happier man. The natural incapacity of our countrymen to strike out for themselves any means of enjoyment but such as are ponderous or expensive used to be ascribed to their being fed so much upon beef and beer. It does not seem that French cookery and light wines have done much to enliven them. The modern young Englishman still dances a solemn measure, looking as though he were half-asleep, or performing (as indeed he sometimes is) an act of conscientious but disagreeable duty. He takes up athletics, probably, but that is in the light of a serious business, to which he devotes himself with long training, and much labour; and would feel himself injured in a tender point if any one spoke slightly of these things as recreations. When he is out of training, and no particular "event" is coming off, then he thrusts his hands deep down into his trousers pockets, and looks around upon the frivolities of life with a gloomy superiority. His devotion to some kinds of what used to be called amusement is undeniable; but it has taken the form, too generally, of measuring how much a man can do in his particular line, how many miles he can walk in an hour, how good an average he can make at cricket, how many head of game he can bag in a day. The enjoyment seems not so much in the act as in the result; and there is too often a gasconading tone about the thing which is not pleasant. It is not like the healthy pleasure of the child who finds a fund of delight

in the commonest toy, and "makes believe" as vigorously with a headless horse as with a whole one; but more like the ambition of the little girl to have her doll more smartly dressed than her playmate's.

In the world of older and graver people, there has prevailed of late a little affectation of despising mere amusement, as scarcely worthy of the time and attention of an intellectual age. It is not only for children, but for those who are very far from being children, that it seems to be thought a little instruction ought always to be combined with it; something on the same principle that a benevolent lady of our acquaintance, finding brandy a very popular medicine during autumnal epidemics, always mixed a little rhubarb in what she gave away. On this principle Mechanics' Institutes, Mutual Improvement Societies, Literary Institutions, and Crystal Palaces were founded. There was to be no more cakes and ale without virtue. Information and improvement were to be the order of the day. The result, so far as our observation goes, is that people go to the Crystal Palace to eat their luncheon and see Mr. Pepper's Ghost, — a "scientific" exhibition which was certainly successful; and that, in the case of the library of the Mechanics' Institute, the popularity of its contents, judging by the books taken out, has been found to be something in this ratio — we will not pledge ourselves to the exact statistics: scientific treatise, 1; history, 3; fiction, 2500. Mr. Mudie, we suspect, could tell much the same story; only that, for credit's sake, a certain amount of solid literary food is ordered to be put into the family box together with the supply of new novels. The best thing out in history and philosophy is sure to be found lying on the drawing-room table; but it is because Mr. Trollope's and Miss Braddon's last volumes are always "in hand." Talking the other day with an able and popular lecturer, who seldom failed in getting a full and attentive audience, we ventured to ask him what kind of subjects and what style of treatment he thought the public liked best. "Well," was his reply, "I hardly know; but there's one secret I've found out — what the public hates is information." People go to scientific lectures, no doubt; they would go to see a Greek play if it was the fashion; but the exuberant chuckle of laughter with which the weakest attempt at a joke on the lecturer's part is welcomed by the gravest audience, is proof quite strong enough of the weariness of the natural man over the dry husks of instruction, and his delight when anything turns up

which has an unexpected flavour. It suggests the feeling of the Irishman who tasted the quince in his apple-tart — "How delicious an apple-tart would be which was all made of quinces!"

It is not likely, in our sombre climate, and with our more phlegmatic temperament — nor is it by any means desirable — that we should be able to find the same enjoyment in mere gossip and idleness that some of our Continental neighbours do. Few and far between with us are those balmy days and nights when mere existence is a luxury; and lounging about and doing nothing are very properly reprobated in Englishmen, perhaps because the part is so seldom performed gracefully, and conveys the idea in the performer, not of a joyous lightheartedness, but of a supercilious lassitude and disgust. One would rather see one's children in some sensible mischief in their play-hours, than aimlessly mooning about. So we may be very thankful for hunting, and boat-clubs, and Alpine clubs, and, above all, volunteer corps, as outlets for the waste energies of young men who have time and money and little to do. But it is the workers of the world whose amusements are worth considering. It cannot be said that this class has too much in the way of amusement, and many of those forms of it which have been mentioned are not in their way. They cost too much time or too much money, or they are only another form of fatigue rather than rest or relaxation. Most of us are too wise to complain, or to admit that there are dull hours in life, when a little of the oil of gladness would make the machine go all the easier. But it is so, nevertheless; and our pride and reticence, and the very domesticity on which we congratulate ourselves, make our scanty leisure less pleasant than it might be. It is curious that a people so apt at all inventions which simplify labour should hit upon so few to enliven the intervals of rest.

Perhaps of all classes of society, this want of wholesome recreation presses most heavily upon the country clergy. It is a very popular notion that they have no occasion for amusement; in fact, that anything so frivolous is inconsistent with their serious calling. And yet the captions laity complain of dull sermons; unmindful of the old adage about "all work and no play." The truth is, that no class of men require such change more, or get less of it. In almost any secular occupation, the work itself has one effect of amusement — a healthy excitement. Not to speak of manual labour of all kinds, which, unless the strength be

too severely taxed, has so much of the nature of amusement in it that it is often the best of all remedies for mental worry and depression,—most of what are called business occupations have a certain excitement of their own; very often, indeed, too much of it. Putting aside all such speculative ventures as are really gambling and not lawful trade, all the many forms of buying and selling which employ our English energies have in themselves much of the interest of a more or less successful game. If carried on prudently and legitimately, there is nothing in them to depress the spirits or to harass the mind. Such employments may not be highly intellectual; but (perhaps fortunately), the great majority of the useful members of the commonwealth are not highly intellectual; and they find such employments pleasant enough. The story of the retired tallow-chandler who could not resist going down to the old place on a boiling-day, though told as a jest, contains a very serious and a very happy truth—that enjoyment lies in occupation, not in idleness. If you follow the ascending scale of labour, and take the life of the successful lawyer or the politician, the excitement of the work is of a higher order still; what such a man requires, in his intervals of leisure, will be rest and relaxation, rather than active amusement. Lying by quiet seashores, and doing absolutely nothing, will be excellent for him; for of excitement he has even too much in the daily business of his life.

But there is nothing of this excitement in the ordinary work of the country parson. We say the country parson especially, because he who is placed in any town parish of importance will not only have to preach to a fairly intelligent audience, and to make his sermon somewhat of an intellectual exercise, but his work, though harder, will have wider interests, and his position will, most likely, assign him a leading part in many secular matters, which will go far to give him the wholesome change which he requires. But the life of the country parsonage is of a different kind. The Sunday may be busy enough; indeed, what with Sunday-school twice a day, and the two sermons which the modern English Christian demands as his due, and, in some cases, choir-practice or adult classes besides, more work is sometimes undertaken by a conscientious parson on that day than is good for him. But the most zealous worker cannot make the Sunday come more than once a week; and the six days' interval must be hard to fill up satisfactorily in the way of his calling, unless by an amount of pastoral

activity which, in a small parish, would amount almost to persecution. It may be said, of course, that as the parson's work is the highest of all, so his interest in it, his mental activity—and consequently his enjoyment—should be of the highest kind also. This sounds well, and may be true enough in theory. But remember what this work really is, and must be. To have to preach—which means to press the same truths over and over again in different language—to a half-empty church in the morning, and to a stolidly complacent audience, heavy with bacon and greens, in the afternoon, is not an inspiring labour in itself. Most of us have seen, in the pages of some modern novels, very original and graphic discourses, supposed to be addressed to such audiences by the heroic minister, orthodox or schismatic, of the story. Such purple patches are evidently intended to show the reader what sermons ought to be, and are not, and how entirely the novelist could take the shine out of the regular parson if he (or more frequently she) had condescended to the same vocation. It is useless to protest against filling up the pages of novels with amateur theology, because, so long as the public endure it, the writers will hardly give up such a convenient resource for padding—for hymns and sermons are the two things which every one feels that he can write; and it is very well, in these sensational days, if they do not fill their pages with something much worse. Nor will we venture to guess how many conscientious novel-readers like ourselves make a point of skipping these intrusive preachments, which come to us like lambs in wolves' clothing; on the same principle that, with all respect for wholesome medicine, we abominate all such combinations as "cathartic candy" and "pepsine wine." But, admitting that the preacher of fiction does, on some single occasion, discourse eloquently to an imaginary congregation, will the clever author undertake to keep him up at the rate of one hundred and four sermons every year? or if he could, will the wildest license of fiction permit him to assure his readers that the hundred and fourth sermon was listened to with the same rapt attention as the first? And then the parson's week-day work, what is it? Much of it is, and must be, mere routine; very necessary and very useful routine, no doubt; but unelastic, and tending to be wearisome. Pastoral visits to the aged and infirm poor are angels' work, but they often tax the patience of a weak mortal more than harder duties. Trying to get a school up to

the mark of the Privy Council's "three R's," and being scolded by the children's parents for your exertions, is not one of those congenial occupations in which toil becomes its own reward. And the crowd of petty worries which follow any well-meant attempt to set to rights the little world of village life (too often a very debauched Arcadia), cannot always be shaken off, when the parson retires to his study, like the dust from his feet or the rain from his coat. Still it may be said, and has been said by authorities who deserve all honour and respect, that in such an office the conscientious performance of duty brings with it the satisfaction which all work, honestly done, is sure to bring. But how if, in this case, the more conscientious the worker, the less he is like to be satisfied with his work? With what pleasure will the striving merchant return, day after day, to his place of business, when evening after evening, as he closes his ledger, he finds the balance of profit and loss dead against him? His profession will soon bring little besides weariness to the barrister who, no matter with what pains he gets up his case, never feels that he carries the court with him, and has continually to address a jury who have made up their minds not to give him a verdict.

But we shall be accused of getting into the pulpit ourselves. We only meant to plead for some amusement for the parson, because he needs it at least as much as other men. And on this point we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Grundy and his bishops are rather hard upon him. The English mind, like the English constitution, is an amalgamation of contradictions; resulting no doubt in both cases in something that works pretty well in the main. But in nothing is the English Protestant layman, who duly reads his Bible and his 'Times,' so contradictory as in his notion of his clergyman. The columns of the great journal have been filled of late with reclamations, more remarkable for vehemence than logic, against his assumption of anything like "priesthood;" and we are told by another organ of public opinion, which at least deals honestly with church matters, that an English clergyman is nothing more than "a gentleman specially trained to expound the Christian faith and lead in Christian worship." If this view of the clerical office be the true one, how comes it that almost every secular amusement is more or less tabooed to the "cloth"? One can understand these restrictions on the assumption that something like a divine

appointment is recognized, whose members are to form, as it were, a separate caste, and who are to stand always more or less, like the sacred race of the Aztecs, on pedestals above the crowd, and to do nothing which might seem to lower them to the common level of humanity. That a "priesthood" should be educated and live under such definite restrictions—even to the point of celibacy and asceticism—is intelligible enough. But that excellent old ladies who read the 'Record,' and go to Exeter Hall, and call Rome "Babylon," and understand by the word "priest" a man who breaks nine out of the ten commandments—that they should turn up their eyes in horror because they see their "minister" in a shooting-jacket, is only to be explained by the fact that, as has been said, popular opinion on such matters is, like the Thirty-nine Articles, at best a harmony of contradictions. The Puritan notion, that all pleasant things are wrong, has kept its place side by side with the ultra-Roman estimate of the distinction between priest and layman; so that the amusements which were winked at as venial sins in the one, were denounced as mortal offences in the other.

So, even of such amusements as fashion has left us, there are few in which the country parson—that much abused but useful beast of burden—can venture to take his share. The days when he might have gone out with the hounds are over. The religious Mrs. Grundy has said *anathema* distinctly to that, and there is an end of it. Even the ingenious excuse that he was "never in the same field with the hounds," has not been accepted. Mr. Trollope, who has sketched "the hunting parson" not unkindly, admits that it won't do; he can hardly say why. He fancies it is because a scrupulous British public secretly thinks hunting wicked (which accounts for its attraction), and therefore doubly wicked in a black coat; which is exactly the Puritan idea *plus* the sacerdotal. There was some little attempt at reaction a while ago, and one clerical sportsman, well reported of in his parish work, was bold enough to make a speech at a hunting dinner; but the general feeling of society is strong and decided on the point, and this is really the practical argument against the indulgence. Even shooting, of late years, has begun to be looked upon with an evil eye; though it would be difficult to show any reasonable cause why the parson should not get a little pleasant exercise by walking over his own glebe-lands, or a neighbouring friend's estate, with a dog and gun, as well



as any other man; or in what lies the especial profaneness of shooting a partridge more than in hooking a salmon. But fishing is the single field-sport which is permitted, by general consent, for the recreation of the parson's animal spirits. There is no question but that the main ground of this exceptional indulgence is the absurd notion of apostolic precedent, which would apply equally well to his keeping a toll-gate or holding the office of parish exciseman. For the apostles fished for a livelihood, and not for amusement; and would have been as much astonished at the sight of a fly-rod as of a breech-loader. Another reason must be that fishing is looked upon as a meditative and solitary sport; that the reverend angler is supposed to find "texts in running brooks," and to be arranging the heads of a sermon in his own mind while he is putting on a worm. And probably five people out of six have an idea that good old Izaak Walton was a clergyman. A better reason than all might be found in the fact that the proverbial teaching of fishing is patience — a most needful virtue at all times in the fisher of men. Be it as it may, the exercise of the gentle art is as yet permitted to the parson by society, and not reproved by his ecclesiastical mentors. Mr. Kingsley has lent the support of one of his pleasantest essays to it; and while he says "No, no!" to the old mare (at all events with his pen) as she pricks her ears and champs impatience while the hunt sweeps by, he gives us pages of hearty and genial writing enough to tempt every young curate to turn fly-fisher.

But the unwritten law against clerical amusements has, as might be supposed, some very curious anomalies. Their lawfulness or unlawfulness depends, in some people's minds, upon the very oddest distinctions. We remember well (we are really not drawing from our imagination for our facts) a clergyman of the strongest evangelical views who was very fond of shooting — and an excellent shot he was. It seemed to have been borne in upon him by some obliquity of conscience, not uncommon in a narrow-minded school, that the sinfulness of such pursuits lay not in the act but in the costume; so, instead of the ordinary shooting-coat and gaiters, he took the field in solemn state in a full-dress black suit, low shoes and white stockings, and a white tie with very long ends — for all the world as if he were going to preach to the birds instead of to shoot them. To see that black swallow-tail go through a brambly cover (for the country was wild, and the chief sport it afforded was cock-shooting) was, as

our American friends would say, "a caution." The sepulchral tones in which he gave the warning, "Down charge, *Ponto-o!*" ring in our ears at this moment, though it is long years since we heard him. But stranger still was the defensive argument of his churchwarden — a solemn farmer who sometimes beat for him, and shared his theological views. There had been some uncharitable scandal raised against two or three younger brethren of the cloth who had set up a cricket-club in the neighbourhood. Amongst those who were shocked by it was this same churchwarden; and when the question was put to him, in what respect a cricket-bat was a less saintly weapon than the gun which his own particular parson carried, his answer was, "Ah! but, you see, there's some *purpose* in the shooting!" An occasional hare had no doubt found its way to his flesh-pots when the day's walk was over; and if the results of cricket could have been in any such way utilised, it would plainly have removed his objection.

One may see how entirely conventional many of these kind of objections are, by the revolutions which have taken place from time to time in public opinion on the point of smoking. If we go back a century or so, we shall find grave and honored divines enjoying their pipes without fear of giving offence to the most strait-laced of their parishioners. A pipe of tobacco was the regular conclusion of Archbishop Sancroft's moderate breakfast; "the most pious, humble, good Christian," says one of his chaplains, "I ever knew in my life." The President of St. John's College in Oxford was thought moderate in 1714, because at a supper-party at the house of the President of Trinity "he finished his last pipe before ten o'clock." Smoking must have been held not only permissible in a Church dignity, but even savouring of an orthodox and reputable taste (as port-wine did afterwards), or how should a long clay have come to be called a "churchwarden"? But then came a gradual reaction, when the young deacon who was seen lighting a cigar was looked upon as little better than one of the wicked, and the parson who confessed to a pipe would have been a ruined man with his bishop. And now the cycle has come round again, and though we are not able to state accurately at what time of day our present excellent archbishops prefer their weed, or how many pipes are now considered moderate by heads of houses — possibly, indeed, the returning tide may not yet have reached those higher levels — it is quite certain that the old aroma is revived in more than one



Oxford common-room, and pipes of various patterns may be seen in the hands of country rectors who are, we believe, otherwise respectable. Yet, through all this curious vacillation of public opinion, the moral and theological qualities of tobacco must be pretty much the same as they were at its first discovery.

In other points, too, the line drawn between things permissible and non-permissible to the parson is of the most arbitrary and zigzag sort. According to some authorities, he may play chess, but not cards; croquet, but not cricket; bagatelle, but not billiards. He may perform upon almost any manner of musical instrument — flute, piano, violin (sackbut and dulcimer, of course, if he can get hold of them), but not, we believe, upon the key-bugle; that particular instrument seeming to carry with it, invincibly, jovial and rollicking associations with the days of the old "Tantivy" fast coach, or the more fabulous age when "the squires of old" were said to awake the dawn with its echoes, to announce that "the hunt was up."

It is nothing more nor less than the natural craving for excitement in a life whose regular stream flows usefully, but with as few rapids as a mill-stream, which urges one school of zealous young divines into platform speechifying at Exeter Hall, and another into elaborate symbolical costume. These things are in some sense the penalties of suppressed wants of human nature. And the first is not nearly so harmless an amusement, and the latter far less manly, than many forms of it which a conventional propriety forbids.

That any bishop should have felt called upon to raise his voice against cricket, as an amusement for a young clergyman, is very much to be regretted. No one can have watched the habits of the hobbled boys in country places without longing to provide them with some better amusement for their leisure hours on summer evenings than they seem able to invent for themselves; lounging at the corners of the village streets, or hanging about the alehouse door, being commonly their least objectionable diversions. Any man who can introduce among them some honest healthy sport is doing something towards a moral regeneration. And, who, in most country places, is likely to do it, unless it be the young curate, who has at least learnt something about it at school or college, and can show them how to hold a bat? There is only one reservation which a sensible bishop might make, if he condescends to such practical advice, — that the

parson, if he played, should play fairly well. He ought not to bear the character of a muf on the cricket-ground any more than in the pulpit. It is related of Henry Venn, who had been a fine player at Cambridge, that on the day before his ordination he threw away his bat, declaring that it should never be said of him — "Well played, parson!" Every man deserves honor who makes any sacrifice for conscience-sake; and so far we agree with his biographer in placing the story to his credit. But he made a great mistake: what he should really have been careful about was that no looker-on in his parish, should have ever been able to say — "Well muffed, parson!" and to have made up his mind to retire gracefully from cricket-life as soon as he had taught any of his young clodhoppers to make as good an innings as himself. It is desirable that whatever the parson does, he should do well and thoroughly; and the more things he can do in this style the better. There is a profane tendency among his parishioners to look upon him as a good kind of old woman: well-meaning, according to his lights, useful for presiding over soup-distribution and clothing-clubs, and teaching little children, but as helpless as one of those innocents in all secular relations of life. Some persons may even fancy that these negative qualities are, on the whole, becoming in the clerical character, as not too much concerned with the things of this world. They make a great mistake, in a country like England. Englishmen, high or low, appreciate energy and excellence in every kind. They will respect the parson very much more if they see that he is good for something else besides dealing out weekly lengths of sermon. The squire thinks none the less of him because he is a fair judge of a horse; the churchwarden puts some faith in a teacher who can take up his parable, out of church, upon turnips. The young farmer and the farmer's lad are not great in divinity. The results upon their minds of their attendance (not too regular) upon the afternoon sermon is very much "bat the poet describes —

"I niver knowed what 'a mean'd, but I thowt  
a 'ad summat to saay,  
An I thowt a said what a owt to ha' said, an  
I comed awaay."

But they soon get to be fair judges of the terrible accuracy of the practised bowler, and are rapt in admiration of the "drives for four" which seem made so easily, but which their own stronger arms utterly fail to emulate. And they come to a very nat-

ural, if not a strictly logical, conclusion, that the adept in one science is not much of a fool in the other. The sermons may be still as beautifully unintelligible to them as the wrist-play, but they will at least have a pleasant consciousness that their teacher knows what he is about. There will be something gained, too, by establishing the fact that the parson is human, and is not, as they are much given to think, the natural born enemy of everything in the shape of fun, because he has peculiar crotchets about Sunday-school and pitch-and-toss. His presence and example on the cricket-ground may open their eyes to the strange fact that an English sport can be carried on without low language, without quarrelling, and without drink. Not a very high step in moral and religious training; but a wise builder usually begins his work from the bottom, and not from the top — a principle which young ecclesiastical architects do not always bear sufficiently in mind. Of course, if cricket once takes the form of an occupation instead of a relaxation — if the clerical player takes his place at the wicket in every match within fifty miles round — then a doubt very naturally suggests itself whether he ought not to find something to do in his parish; just as the barrister or the surgeon, who went through the whole cricket campaign with the Zingari, would be suspected of being not much missed by his clients or his patients.

Cricket itself has become rather too much of an elaborate science to maintain its wholesome position as an amusement. The multiplication and the high pay of professional players have improved the play wonderfully, no doubt, but have made the game more of a display than an exercise. We have been told lately how many hours a-day it takes a modern public school boy to learn it thoroughly. There are not a great many who can or will devote so much time to the study, nor is it particularly desirable that they should; and the consequence is, that those who have gone through the regular professional education play very well indeed, but do not care much to play in anything but matches, while the mass of indifferent players are discouraged from playing at all. The matches themselves are spun out into two or even three day affairs, many hours being wasted by needless delays, and thus involve a considerable expenditure of time and money. The less pretentious meetings between the old village clubs, such as Miss Mitford has so charmingly described, had much more real enjoyment in them.

A great resource in older days for those

who were beginning to find field sports rather too much for them was the bowling-green. It might have been seen, some years ago, attached to some pleasant suburban tavern on the outskirts of our country towns, or here and there in the larger villages — a square enclosure of some quarter of an acre of beautifully level turf, with commonly a long arbour at each end, where the elders of the club, and sometimes a fair visitor or two, sat and watched the play. The game itself is not a very exciting one, as most of those who have tried it will admit, but it was a great promoter of sociality. Any one who had a pair of hands could play more or less scientifically; and those who could not or would not, went to the ground in the pleasant evenings to meet their neighbours, and sat in the quaint old arbours, smoking a quiet pipe and sipping shrub and water (considered in those days rather an elegant form of stimulant), laughing good humouredly at some more awkward cast than usual, and discussing public affairs with as much interest and not more ignorance than modern politicians. The bowling-green was the common ground upon which the doctor, the parson, the lawyer, and the well-to-do yeoman met on equal terms; and even the squire himself condescended to ride down now and then after his dinner, and play a friendly rubber with his neighbours. For it was rather an aristocratic than a plebeian amusement, skittles pertaining more to the vulgar sort. Most large country-houses had their private green; and it was the last amusement which the unfortunate Charles I. enjoyed when the coarse summons of Cornet Joyce interrupted the quiet game at Holdenby.

On this side of the Tweed we are fortunate in having retained a game which was once popular, in some form or another, all over England and Scotland, but is now confined almost entirely to the latter — the noble science of Golf. It offers no such attractions as cricket does to bystanders, nor does it require in the players the spring and elasticity which few men retain after forty; but it requires steady practice and rare skill to play well, and is a first-rate exercise to a man who is nearing his grand climacteric, and fails to appreciate so thoroughly as in younger days the glory of standing up (even in the best of pads) against balls which come in from the "professional's" hand with the force of a catapult. A walk round the Links of Musselburgh or St. Andrews on a fine October morning, club in hand, with a good partner and a couple of pleasant antagonists, is as excellent a receipt for dispersing the

clouds from a hard-worked man's brain and temper as can well be devised; and it seems remarkable that no attempt has been made to introduce the game in those English towns which have an open race-course or other available ground close at hand. One intelligent Englishman, who has been in the habit of visiting St. Andrews (the metropolis of golf), has been so thorough inoculated with the spirit of the game, that he has established a club on the downs near Bideford. The ground is said to be eminently suited for the purpose; and we wish this real philanthropist all the success his enterprise deserves. This national game, too, was a favourite with King Charles, who, for all his melancholy looks, seems to have had a taste for active sports. He was playing golf on Leith Links when he was suddenly called back to London by the news of O'Neill's rebellion in Ireland.\*

A great revolution has been made in the summer life of country society by the introduction of croquet; a game of mysterious origin, reported to be of Irish birth, but which the Saxon has taken to with a wonderful enthusiasm. It is a sign of a want which must have been pretty gene-

\* A friend reminds us that we are, after all, but a Philistine in the matter of golf. For an "uneducated" man, as they would say on the golfing-green, he thinks the remarks show some appreciation of the game. But he begs to bear his own testimony:—

"I have played golf, boy and man, for upwards of thirty years, and have no hesitation in giving it the preference to every game or sport I ever had the good fortune to try. It looks quiet enough, but at no game does the interest rise higher. I have seen men, trained to adventure and sport of all kinds, moving about with cheek pale and voice quivering when the crisis came in a well-contested golf-match. No man, indeed, whom I ever saw, could at all times command his nerve at golf; and although it is eminently a friendly social game, I am ashamed to say the temper frequently gives way also. These little excitements add to the fun when the fight is over; but the weaknesses of the adversary require to be treated very tenderly, and it is unsafe to taunt the conquered party; indeed, no man who deserves to win a match at golf would do so.

"One great obstacle to the spread of golf is the rare occurrence of places so blessed as to have 'links' or downs really adapted for it: but another and still more formidable obstacle is the extreme difficulty of learning to play the game, simple as it looks. It has been said that to be a great golfer requires 'the devotion of a lifetime, besides a natural aptitude;' and the few men who in any generation have attained the first rank, shows that there is some truth in this. But there is this consolation, that the humblest performer finds an equal enjoyment in the sport, and in talking it over after dinner he can always play 'a splendid game.' A great advantage which golf has over cricket, rackets, &c., is, that it can be played far on into the night with as much zest as in one's youngest days. In the very last match I played, one of our antagonists was a grand old veteran of eighty, and no lad at a public school cricket-match could have been keener, or have enjoyed the game more thoroughly."

rally felt, that such a very mild invention should have been hailed as a social revolution. Go where one will, whole families and their visitors are to be seen mallet in hand, whose great object in life, from the little girl of six to the grandpapa of sixty, seems to be to get through their hoops. The game itself, as a game, is tolerable, and that is all. It admits of considerable skill and judgment if well played, and it may be played in some fashion by the most awful bunglers without totally losing their self-respect. In fact, as Corporal Nym would say, "that's the humour of it." A man who plays cricket, and marches in a dignified manner, elaborately gloved and padded, with the eyes of a critical public upon him, from the dressing-tent to the wicket, merely to have the stumps rattled about his legs by the first straight ball, and then, like the King of France, march back again, soon gets tired of an exhibition of himself whose glory is dearly bought by five or six hours of fielding, in which he does nothing but let a catch slip through his fingers. After a season or so he declares himself "out of practice," and doesn't see the fun of the thing so clearly as his friend who plays a brilliant innings of three hours, and brings his bat out amidst a rattle of applause. The young lady who never by any chance, at an archery meeting, puts an arrow into the target, finds her failures grow less and less interesting to other people as well as to herself, and takes to some kind of artillery which promises to be more successful. But on the croquet-ground the proportion of bad players is generally so great, that every one seems perfectly satisfied with his or her performance; and the most helpless bunglers (usually being ladies) become objects of affectionate interest to their more skilful partners, being looked up continually, and helped through difficult hoops, and put into good places, and rescued from perilous neighbourhoods, and brought back into the way that they should go in, in a manner which gives a very hopeful view of human nature, but *may* be accounted for on other considerations. In many points the croquet-ground affords as apt illustrations of the great game of life as the more familiar type of the chess-board. The players make stepping-stones of their friends and their enemies alike to further their own ambitious projects, and will sometimes sacrifice the humble interests of a friend in the hope of disappointing the schemes of an enemy. They do evil that good may come, with the result that the evil certainly comes and the good doesn't. They despise the

little quiet duties and opportunities which lie within their reach, and dash off with the idea of accomplishing some brilliant *coup*, which fails. In one feature, however, the parallel curiously breaks down. In actual life, most people are ready to give a helping hand to those who are getting on well in the game; "nothing succeeds," as they say, "like success;" and the more hoops a player can contrive to work himself through (even though by the most palpable pushing), the more sure he is to find eager friends to take him on to the next, and carry him to the goal in triumph. But no one comes back to pick up the poor devil who makes a fiasco at first start, or has been driven hopelessly out of his course by some unscrupulous antagonist. Whereas at croquet, it is these lame ducks who, as the game goes on, become the centre of charitable anxieties, and whose most perverse blunderings only insure a double attention on the part of their friends; — the fact being, that at croquet your own final success depends upon the progress of your slowest friend, and you cannot possibly drop him *en route*, however great a drag he may be, because you cannot win your own game without him. The only analogy in society is in the case of the scamp of the family, whom every relative is anxious to get into some safe place, that he may be no longer a scandal to the name. And it must be sometimes felt that if, as at croquet, he could be taken up to the stick, and killed dead at once, it would be the best thing for all parties.

But the morals of croquet are probably too little heeded by the players. It is a great institution, nevertheless. All the people who, in a country-house, are sometimes so difficult to amuse — all the casual visitors who may drop in of an afternoon — all the younger members of neighbouring families who are of difficult ages, to whom you want to be civil and really don't know how — can be safely turned loose upon the lawn in favourable weather, and left to sort themselves into one or more games. Send out a little tea and fruit, and really the entertainer's responsibilities are at an end, and the great duties of society are performed with an ease and simplicity which is quite delightful. You have brought people together, and given them something to do, which is a great point gained. To those who have got their flirtations before them, at all events, the arrangement is satisfactory enough. To the lookers on, and perhaps to some of the gentlemen players, the positive enjoyment

is more doubtful. The pleasure of taking an incapable partner through all her hoops depends a good deal upon — circumstances. And then players do not always contrive to get hitched into the right set, which is as bad as having to take quite the wrong person down to dinner. So when it comes to "red's" turn to play, red's eyes and thoughts are continually found to be fixed in quite another direction — say upon "blue" in the other set — which gives to the game a *distract* and bewildering character, somewhat trying to the patience of those who are playing in earnest. Still, it is a great blessing on the whole to rural mothers of families, and the first introducer of it deserves to have a statue erected at the public expense. With the ball in the one hand and the mallet in the other, the effect would be quite imperial. But in this case, as in so many others, the world knows nothing of its greatest benefactors.

The revival of archery has been by no means equally successful. Most people don't pretend to shoot, and most of those who do, shoot abominably. The men who might be good shots are busy with rifle-practice. So the thing is left chiefly to the curates and the young ladies, and becomes slow in consequence. It is a pity, for it is one of the most graceful of out-door exercises, and when fairly good, very pretty to look at; and it is somewhat curious that the most historical and the least barbarous of our national pastimes should have fallen into such general disuse.

But attempts at reviving the old sports of our ancestors, which has been a popular idea of late years, have not been successful. It is not likely that they should be. History may repeat itself, but popular tastes and habits of life do not, except in a forced and unnatural fashion. Such attempts at reviving the past only last with the first enthusiasm of their promoters; the movement is "wilful, not spontaneous." Hawking was a noble pastime in its own day; its very vocabulary has a romantic attraction. The imaginative reader longs to go straight from one of the Waverley novels, or Bracebridge Hall, and take his falcon on his fist, and gallop, with some fair rider at his side, out upon the breezy downs, as they did in days of yore. Enthusiastic gentlemen have tried it, with much pains and expense, in modern England, and the result was not much more satisfactory, we suspect, in most cases, than in the instance of a friend who joined one such party, and whose horse tumbled into a rabbit-hole while his eyes were fixed upon the

"quarry," and the hawk fastened bill and claws into his wrist, and was not to be adured by any terms of art. It is the same with attempts to bring back the old Christmas revels; such things may have a sort of success, but it is the success of a masquerade, in which the unreality makes part of the amusement. The boar's head and the wassail bowl were good things in their day; but even in the hall of Queen's College the guests prefer the modern turtle and champagne. My lord of misrule, in these days, would undoubtedly have to finish his evening in the custody of the county police. To try to sew a patch of old cloth upon the new garment is even a greater mistake than the reverse process in the proverb. But this tendency to fall back upon obsolete ideas shows how difficult a question amusement is. If we really understood the thing, we should no more think of resuscitating our ancestors' games than of republishing their theories of geology or surgery. If philanthropists would find some corner in their brain for this question of amusement, and hit upon some ideas that would meet the wants and habits of our own days, they would be national benefactors indeed. If the Social Science Congress would devote a sub-section to the subject, we could forgive them a great deal of the grander nonsense which they talked at their gatherings. We want a new King James to give us a modern 'Book of Sports,' enjoined by royal ordinance.

People who live in London have, of course, no lack of resources which may be classed as amusements. But these, to busy men, savour more of weariness than relaxation. Club life—the Londoner's great resource—is for the most part solitary and selfish. The more intimate social relations which exist amongst some classes of artists are regarded by the outside world as rather too "Bohemian;" and possibly, as modern English society is constituted, it may be difficult to step out of the stiffness of high respectability without stepping into the other extreme. We do everything at high pressure. Yet it is probably a fact, and a fact which has a very pleasant significance, that the intercourse between those who may be called the more intellectual workers—meaning by this all those who are more or less engaged in literature, art, or science—has less of formal restraint, and more of that genuine social enjoyment which alone makes society a relaxation, than can be found in any other of the various combinations in which people find themselves thrown together. It is a pity

that one form of rational enjoyment—the oldest, the most universally attractive, and in itself the most unobjectionable—the theatre—has for many reasons, and owing to very contradictory influences, by no means maintained the comparative place in public estimation to which it is entitled. In a highly civilised nation, it should be the purest, the grandest, the most perfect of national luxuries. It is very far from being so; and therefore it has but a capricious popularity amongst the highly educated and refined, to whom it should look for its true patronage and encouragement. Fashion will still flock to see a favourite play or a favourite actor—and these are by no means always the best of their kind. But the drama has not kept pace, either in the morals of the scene or the ability of the performers, with our advances in the more refined pleasures of life. The standing protest (not always unreasonable) against its immoralities, from the more scrupulous; the inconvenient clashing of the time of performance with the modern dinner-hour; the impatience of fastidious taste with the very mediocre ability of nine-tenths of the actors;—all these causes prevent the theatre from taking its proper rank amongst our national amusements. The dramatic instinct is as strong as ever it was,—as natural and universal as the taste for music; and the checks upon its reasonable indulgence are forced and undesirable. Private theatricals, acted charades, character recitations, are all so many instances of the same inborn craving for scenic representations which the South Sea Islander, with whom we made acquaintance yesterday, shows as strongly as the Greek of the heroic ages. It is a taste which we ought not to be ashamed of cultivating, to the highest point of perfection to which it is capable, for our own enjoyment as educated men; whilst as an intellectual amusement for "the million" it is at once the most attractive and the most innocent in itself, if it may not even be made the most humanising. For although "Jack Sheppard" and the "Trabiata" of low life have their special attractions for the public of St Giles' (as their more elegant counterparts have for May-Fair), yet those who have studied the tastes of a penny audience assure us that the pathos of domestic drama, in which the purest natural feelings are appealed to, finds even more enthusiastic applause. And we may perhaps ourselves remember, if we ever patronized the "Richardson" of other days, when the grand melo-drama of 'Virtue Triumphant' was performed at least a



dozen times in the day in every fair in the great towns of England, that when the "tyrant" received his final settler in the terrific combat with the champion of the persecuted damsel, the triumphant rescue of "Virtue's" highly-rouged representative invariably "brought down the house," and in such style as was enough to bring down the booth into the bargain.

In country towns the theatre has fallen into hopeless discredit. The general features of society, even in a provincial capital, are so entirely altered from what they were fifty years ago, by the removal of nearly every family not bound to the place by professional ties, that the number of those who would be the natural patrons of a respectable performance is very much lessened. And every one now goes up to London, and conceives himself too critical to be pleased with a mere country entertainment. If the old boxes at York and Bath and Liverpool could but speak, they would have a pathetic contrast to draw between their present and their past, when their occupants were county families who had driven in many miles "to see the play," and met there the friends and connections who had not yet grown too grand to live next door to trade; when there were actors on the stage whom London managers came down to see, and who did not always choose to sacrifice their position as "leader of the circuit" even to the tempting of the metropolitan charmer. As the quality of the audience deteriorated, so, in the natural course of things, did that of the actors. Few members of the higher professional

classes in country towns, probably, ever enter the doors of their own theatre unless on some very exceptional occasion. Whether, under the old state of things, there were not happier faces to be seen, among the young people at any rate, than are to be seen now in the lecture-room and at the classical concerts, is what cannot be fairly decided without getting a photograph of the past generation; of which, unhappily, we possess only caricatures.

There will always be plenty of people who insist upon being wiser than Heaven made them, and who look upon this world as a school which has no play-hours. There are those who consider all amusement as more or less a waste of that precious time which was given to man to employ in getting money. And there are those whose narrow and grudging creed only differs from that of the worldly money-maker in that their principles are, as Sidney Smith happily termed it, "*other-worldly*"—who talk and act as if all pleasant things were snares of the devil. But these two classes do not make up the majority of the world, nor the best of it. The danger is, lest between them both they should tempt some weaker vessels to grow ashamed of their natural craving for honest and wholesome recreation, and try to veil it under some shabby disguise. And there is the greater danger, that if all amusement is indiscriminately classed as frivolity and waste of time, there are always plenty of foolish people who will rack their empty brains to show how thoroughly they can justify the description.

#### WHITTIER TO COLFAX.

COLFAX!—well chosen to preside  
O'er Freedom's Congress, and to guide,  
As one who holds the reins of fate,  
The current of its great debate;  
Prompted by one too wise and good  
And fair, withal, to be withstood,  
Here, from our northern river-banks,  
I send to thee my hearty thanks  
For all the patience which has borne  
The weary toot of Bunkum's horn,

The hissing of the Copperhead,  
And Folly dropping words of lead!  
Still wisely ready, when the scale  
Hangs poised, to make the right prevail.  
Still foremost, though Secession's head  
Be crushed, with scornful heel to tread  
The life out from its writhing tail!  
As wise, firm, faithful to the end,  
God keep thee, prays thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the Spectator, Dec. 8.

## THE IRISH UTOPIA.

"You do not understand," said an Irish friend a few days since, "you do not understand what the Fenians, that is all Irishmen not landowners or well-to-do citizens, really want. They do not want their stomachs filled, but their imaginations satisfied. You may abolish the Church, and reform the magistracy, and pay for a perpetual settlement, and so relieve your own consciences, but you will not thereby pacify, far less reconcile, Irishmen. The poetry in them has been stirred. They think they could build up a new and splendid and happy society, utterly different from yours, and very much nobler than it; could recall their emigrated brethren, could take a distinct place among the nationalities of Europe, could be, in fact, a separate and a considerable people. They want to be Irishmen, and not West Britons." Most of our readers have heard of the *Nation*, a journal which just at present holds a singular position in Ireland, representing hostility to the Union, and therefore to Britain, but discouraging armed insurrection and detesting Fenianism. The *Nation* on Saturday published a ballad which it heads wittily enough "Non Possumus," and which expresses with that wailing melodiousness never wanting even to Irish doggerel the idea our friend expressed in prose:—

"As wise advice these words are said —  
Forsake the unsuccessful cause,  
Brave, foolish Ireland; bow your head,  
And yield your heart to alien laws.

"Behold how busy Scotland thrives:—  
She struck her banner years ago;  
She gave her name, and flag, and race,  
To union with her ancient foe.

"And now the wealth of England gilds  
Her river-banks, her rugged coast,  
And all the fame that England builds  
Is also the 'North Briton's' boast.

\* \* \* \*

"A separate race, distinct, apart;  
And so till time itself shall end,  
The Irish and the English heart  
No human power can fuse and blend.

"We cannot yield, what'er befall;  
We could not yield, even if the past  
Were blotted from our souls, and all  
Our record to oblivion cast.

\* \* \* \*

"Apart, the lands may live in peace,  
'Tis vain to strive to make them one.  
So let the hope, the effort cease,  
For Heaven decrees — It can't be done."

We greatly fear that the ballad-writer is nearer the truth than most of our English publicists, that the passion which is now sweeping through the Irish people, which makes men in Ohio suffering under no grievance subscribe for muskets to be used against Englishmen, and induces jovial Milesians in London offices to declare that after all, were Fenianism not so hopeless, they would be Fenians, is caused by a sentiment deeper, more intangible, and more enduring than any political resentment or social aspiration. The quarrel of the creeds, the rivalry of the two ideas of tenure, are but the occasions which permit the deeper feeling to blaze up, the rifts through which the smoke pours, and reveals unknown masses of fire below. It is, we fear, the passion for nationality which has seized the Irish, and no heavier misfortune has, in our day, ever befallen a people.

It amounts to the devotion of the whole imaginative faculty in the most poetic race in Europe to an unattainable end. "Repeal," as it was called, supposing it to have been honest, to have represented a genuine wish for self-government under the British Crown, was not, we have always thought, the wild absurdity most English politicians pronounced it to be. If Ireland were heartily loyal, Britain could govern her as she governs Victoria, leaving her absolute self-control on every subject not connected with foreign relations and military defence. It is of no advantage to this country to maintain English law in Ireland instead of the Code Napoleon, or any other Celtic digest of Roman principles, no advantage to forbid the creation of a scientific administration, no advantage to sustain its peculiar form of landlordism, provided compensation were found for landlords. Provided Ireland were heartily with us, yielded her contingent of soldiers, was ready to defend England as well as herself, was allied, in fact, as Scotland would under such circumstances be allied, she might arrange her internal society almost as she chose. It would be far easier to make that revolution than to go on suppressing insurrections, keeping up an expensive garrison, and fettering our own internal development for ever. O'Connell meant Ireland to be a colony of France instead of England, and of course was defeated, but honest. "repeal," self-government under the British Crown,

was not a future absolutely unattainable. The creation of an Irish nationality is. To secure it Ireland must conquer England, which she is incompetent to do, and which for that object no one can help her to accomplish. Suppose the wildest of Fenian dreams to prove true, and the Union to fight Great Britain on behalf of Irish independence, and win that tremendous game — three preposterous assumptions. Ireland would either be a State of the Union, would, that is, be governed by Englishmen on the other side of the Atlantic instead of Englishmen on this side, or she would be reconquered by the men of her own Northern counties. The men of the Pale have done it before, they would do it again, they ask nothing better than the opportunity of trying their strength unhampered by the English sense of justice and English hatred of slavery. In three years the true Irish would, if no external power intervened, be accepting gladly permission to emigrate *en masse*, and the island would be really or avowedly a Scotch province. If the Irish are really of opinion that they would be happier as a State of the Union, so much happier, we mean, that they are ready to die for the cause, why do they not demand from England the position of such a State? Granted their honesty in the matter, they could have all the independence of London which Massachusetts has of Washington, without rushing blindfold on irresistible force. The truth is they do not want that, but something totally different from that, a separation which England, apart altogether from its unchangeable instinct in the matter, *could not grant*. Nothing she could do would prevent the dominant class of Ireland from immediately reasserting its old ascendancy, and compelling the Irish Catholics to call in foreign aid. The prayer for nationality is merely a prayer for a change of servitude, the single proposal in the whole range of politics for which no hearing will ever be obtained. Englishmen have never thought it out, but they feel instinctively that with Ireland American or French, either life in Great Britain would be intolerable from the weight of conscription and taxation, or Great Britain would sink into a third-class power. They see no moral gain in that result, and there is none. The existence of Great Britain as an immense and free power, able to do grand works such as the reduction of Southern Asia under civilization, is a greater gain to the world than the independence of Ireland can possibly be. The race so convinced is sure to fight to the end, and the cry for separa-

tion merely resolves itself into this — that Ireland is ready to wage a tremendous civil war in order to substitute for the dominion of the English nation the dominion of the English settlers. Nothing more utterly hopeless could be imagined, and this utter hopelessness of result is, to our mind, the saddest feature in the whole Fenian movement. It kills not only the English desire to concede, but the motive for concession. What is the use of changing tenures at enormous expense if when changed the population is as discontented as before, or of risking our own system by innovations in Ireland which seem to Irishmen like the offer of milk to a man athirst for brandy? The Irish say that Englishmen approve their emigration, wish them gone, are ready to facilitate their going, and they declare with much justice that this is, if not an injury, at least a carefully selected and most exasperating insult. But if their true passion is for separation, if nothing less or else will content them, if they reject friendship, defy partnership, and despise equality, they themselves produce this terrible state of feeling. They drive English thinkers into a corner, out of which there is but that one escape. If nothing will content the junior partner in a concern which cannot be split up, what is there for it but to wish him gone? We have always maintained that emigration, as practised in Ireland, was an evil, that the Empire wants the addition of the Irish strength, that our race lacks exactly the power the Irishman can yield. It is a sad thing for the world as well as England that the Connaught cottier should feel moved by a ballad such as the one we have quoted, but it is a sadder thing that the Suffolk peasant cannot be moved by any political ballad at all. But while we acknowledge to the full the beauty and the originality of the Irish genius, while we recognize longingly all it could give to our own more stolid people, while we see in it a capacity for a nobler, brighter, more varicoloured life than ours, rather than the present condition should endure, rather than separation should be granted, we would see the Irish race depart, satisfied that at least our loss would be their own gain. There is, if this separatist idea be true and invincible, no other hope. All that Britain can do is to hold on quietly, repress Fenians, repress Orangemen, repress agrarian disturbers, and wait till in the course of years we have arrived at peace by sustaining an unspeakable loss. It is the most melancholy of British prospects, but if this aspiration for an impossible nationality be the real root

of Irish grievances, it is the only one, and liberal Englishmen who would concede any other demand have only to sigh and submit.

From the Spectator.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S MILTON AND QUIXOTE.\*

THE power and the weakness of M. Gustave Doré, who at thirty has become the best known of all French artists, could scarcely be better shown than in these two beautiful volumes. His strength, like Shelley's, consists in his self-dependence. So long as he looks inside for his designs, so long as his imagination, excited by some congenial subject, some necessity of realizing that which never can be realized, is allowed fair play, his conceptions are unique; but the moment he is limited by the possible, fettered by the real, hampered by his own eyesight, he becomes a conventional artist, powerful indeed, but certainly not powerful enough to compel two Continents to recognize his supremacy. Look, for example, at plate 44 of the Miltonic series. The poet had imagined a stupendous scene, one which perhaps only himself could have saved from a certain burlesque inadequacy, the sudden conversion under the Almighty fiat of the fallen angels into terrestrial monsters, a change of beings human, and therefore Godlike, in form, though devilish in nature, into beings whose character and powers are unaltered, but must henceforward be shrouded in lower forms. "Devils in the shape of men" descend in an instant into devils in the shape of animals, perhaps the most weirdly horrible conception which ever crossed the brain even of the author of *Paradise Lost*. The subject, in treating which experience is valueless and study almost thrown away, has awakened all Gustave Doré's powers, and he has performed the almost impossible feat of making that thought concrete. That vast hall, swarming with the reptiles of a passed-away world, earthy and horrible in their forms, but with devils' energy in their eyes, and devils' strength and horror in their claws and straining necks, with bits of their old shapes clinging almost impalpably to their newly degraded forms, griffins, snakes, ichthyosauri, crocodiles, and yet men,—that, the half-shuddering spectator feels, is the hall which

the blind poet saw. The execution is wretchedly hurried, as if the artist, irritated with the time required by his own splendid thought, had hoped to make it sufficiently visible in patches. Every devel-saurian should have had about it that suggestion of its older and grander form visible in all the upper figures, but to give it to each would have taken too much labour, and those nearest the eye are left therefore, or would be left, but for their fiery eyes and a certain strain of interest in their attitudes, mere copies from limbs of antediluvian reptiles, huddled together to make new and original monsters. Still the thought governing the picture is perceptible amid all its incompleteness, and no one but Gustave Doré could have realized that thought. Then turn from this grand conception, to the scenes in *Paradise*, and see the artist's rendering of our first parents, Adam the conventional "noble savage" in form, with a head slightly softened, and Eve an ordinary painter's model. The naked Parisienne, with the harsh face, stretched on the sword in plate 21, cannot realize any human being's conception of Eve, not even a French art student's. The attraction of Eve for artists has always been her exceptional position among mankind, the idea of her either as the universal mother, or as the single woman who, having no past, could have no melancholy and no memory, who *must* use all reflective power in gazing forward into a future, which, having no experience, can be to her neither terrible nor alluring. Gustave Doré's Eve is simply an undressed woman without specialty of any kind, without even that glorious physical beauty of a somewhat earthly sort which Milton undoubtedly intended to attribute to her. In plate 13, she is no better than the *baigneuse* of any common French lithograph, while Adam is actually irritating in his inferiority to any conceivable ideal. There are drawings of Red Indians by Catlin which have in them more rude majesty, more suggestion of Adam's position as ancestor and chief of the human race, the one man who had lived sinless, yet full of joy in animal existence. M. Doré has not even adhered to his text, which tells him that

"His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forehead manly clung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders  
broad,"

while Adam's expression is that of one worn by an experience he could never have en-

\* London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

dured. Satan, again, in these illustrations, is usually not Satan the fallen and defiant angel, but a cross between Mephistopheles and Mercury, Mercury sometimes predominating, as in plate 45, and M. Doré, who could have made the Tempter Snake alive with Satanic power, has declined to take the trouble. It is a snake, a grovelling snake, which is heretical, and has had too much to eat besides. The conception of Sin, again, at the gate of hell is very poor, Sin being an indifferent mermaid, who would not entice and could not destroy anybody; while the "other shape, if shape it might be called which shape had none," "fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell," and "which the likeness of a kingly crown had on," is a sickly beggar with wings, waiting for a crust, is not fierce, has no crown, and has a perfectly distinct shape. The prospects of Eden are sometimes beautiful, though M. Doré repeats too often his idea of suggesting a bird's-eye view by drawing an impossibly upright hill, but the grand opportunities offered by the Angel's description of the days of Creation have been nearly missed. Perhaps no man could have drawn what Milton saw, the animal creation struggling in the waters into being; but if any man could, it is Gustave Doré, and he has not done it. He gives only the end of the process, fenbirds attitudinizing, beasts lying about on a lawn, which any artist could have conceived as well, and but for a use of light which suggests that something wonderful is going on, many would have drawn better. The book in itself is worth much more than its price, but it will not add to the artist's reputation.

*Don Quixote* will. The career of the last knight, of the character which, being the perfection of all chivalry, yet made chivalry ridiculous, of the soldier whose heroism yields only farce, whose learning produces only foolishness, whose courtesy makes vulgarities more possible, and whose breeding sets as in a splendid frame the earthiness of his surroundings, is precisely suited to M. Doré's genius. The Don's adventures, too, afford infinite scope for that radically vulgar form of grotesquerie, in which the comic almost conquers the bizarre, in which French caricaturists delight and M. Doré excels. He draws the knight almost lovingly, the serene, high paladin, whom neither poverty, nor madness, nor ludicrous surroundings can

ever make truly ridiculous, who sits among the goatherds like a peer among peasants — mark the middle face in page 56, and see Murillo rivalled; — looks, as he nurses absurd Sancho groaning with the belly-ache, like a stately, starving scholar; charges the sheep like a soldier whose life is doomed, but who will yet charge on; and *cannot* sprawl as Sancho would, even when the windsail (page 40) sweeps him and his horse into the air. In armour, or half-naked, among duchesses or serving-women raging for their fees, he is always the same melancholy, high-bred enthusiast, in whom one could imagine every quality except the possibility of humour. Nor is Doré less loving to Sancho, shrewdest of clowns, most affectionate of self-seekers, most persevering of cowards. There is a picture of Sancho being tossed, page 88, which is inimitable in its comic suggestions, which no man could look at without inward laughter; yet it is scarcely better than the one in page 388, where Sancho, obstinate instead of frightened, is still the same Sancho — resists prodding like a human mule — or in page 424, where shrewdness, humour, and all other qualities are swallowed up in utter clownish content with his food. The whole of that picture, from the almost regal monomaniac, and the bridegroom, wild with the spirit of fun, to the pretty, half pitying, half amused bride is perfect, worth any amount of study of its details. Observe the two faces together in a still better drawing, page 460, where the Squire's face expresses only the intensity of content and amusement afforded him by the puppets, while his master's is gradually hardening into monomania. You see that but for deference the Squire would roar out with laughter, and that in a moment the Knight will be belabouring the poor figures. No one draws kindling eyes like Doré. Perhaps the greatest triumph of all is at page 548, where M. Doré has contrived, without altering a feature of Sancho Panza's face, to suggest that the possession of his imaginary island has altered his personal bearing, has made him master of the serving men, but every plate and there are scores, is marked by some trace of genius, some eccentric comicality, or unexpected suggestion of dread. Here, at last, we have an illustrated book in which the illustrations aid, instead of chilling, the reader's imagination.



From the Cornhill Magazine.

## A KANGAROO DRIVE.

WE were sitting and lying about in the broad verandah one warm evening, at Ballandra, eating grapes and peaches, and drinking white Yering. It was late in an Australian summer. For weeks and months had the sun burned through cloudless skies and over a thirsty land. Again and again had the short mild night been followed by the long hot day. The springs and creeks. "the waters forgotten of the footstep," had hidden deep in the bosom of the sun-tormented earth. Dusty were the smooth winding forest tracks — crisp and dry the leaves of the great evergreens, which stood white-stemmed and weird in the starlight. As we sat looking out over the great river-flats, we could faintly discern long dark lines which we knew to be droves of cattle, moving slowly towards the deep cool reaches of the river. Deep and hollow sounded their lowings through the still night air.

We sat dreamily sipping our wine in silence, while these "scenes and sounds of a far clime" passed before us — the calm starlit night, the delicious sense of utter repose, the flower-laden air. Then our host, old Hector McDiarmid, suddenly roared out, —

"What are ye all thinking about, my boys? I believe I was asleep myself!"

"Thinking," said Jack Barton, "what capital tippie for a summer evening this white Yering is! — if it's well iced, mind you, — must be iced, you know," continued Jack, with great earnestness.

"In the great days to come of Australian vineyards," cried Redgate, — "and it will be hard if sun, soil, and grapes like these," said he, extending his arms to the fruit-dishes, "shouldn't give us wine to drink and to boast of; — in those days let us remember Paul Castleton's early efforts in the good cause. He made wine" —

"And his friends drank it," interrupted Captain O'Donnell; "and why, indeed, wouldn't they? It's proud I'd be to be his friend meself. I'd —"

"Mr. O'Donnell," said Redgate, with dignity, "will you permit me to finish the not very lengthy sentence I had commenced?"

"Bedad, I won't, then. I stopped ye on purpose. Didn't I know what was coming? and you'd have been into it in another second, and then what chance would we have? the Acclimatization Society — devil a less" —

"Go on with your speech, my dear Redgate, I pray you; I'm sure it's meant to be very pleasant and instructive, and all that," struck in Barton. "What was it?"

"I was going to say, that we'd better have another bottle and listen to Mac's idea; for I'm sure he's got one, — he always has when he looks like that."

Hector McDiarmid was a tall, gaunt red-bearded old Scot. He had been many years in Australia. Of the perils which made up the every-day life of the pioneer-squatter he had had his share. Possessed of vast personal strength, and a constitution utterly unassailable by the extremes of heat or cold, hunger or thirst, he had staked life against the many hazards of the bush, and risen a winner — a winner of the broad flats and rich forests of Ballandra, and the great herds which fed over them. Simple as a child, kind as a woman, and fearing nothing upon earth, — such was old Hector McDiarmid.

In all the pleasant west country was no pleasanter place than Ballandra. You stayed a week, a month, a year, as you pleased. If you shot, there was abundance of game, guns, and dogs. If you rode, there was every conceivable variety of horse. You might read, you might boat, you might write that pamphlet which was to overthrow the ministry, or you might do nothing at all. In all of which employments and recreations you felt from the first hour that you had not only the concurrence of your host, but his warmest approbation.

McDiarmid was rich beyond his wants or cares. Unmarried, and with no thought of marriage, he was never so happy as when he had half-a-dozen of the younger men of the district (pretending to help him to muster cattle), the effervescence of whose spirits he enjoyed deeply. Old as he was, his feats of strength, when we coaxed him to exhibit, were marvellous. His eye was still as true and his nerve steady as in the days when his rifle had more than once saved his life. And when he would tell us, — for he spoke very charily of deeds which went to make a large share of the legendary lore of the district, — his "owre true tale" often made us grave enough.

"Well, ye disrespectful dogs, I'll just tell you my idea; it's a grand one. I'm just going clean mad about those kangaroos that are eating me up completely. That's no news, ye'll say. Eh, but it's got beyond a joke, I'm not pushed for a thousand or two, I may say without boasting; but were I the poor man I once was, looking to my fat cattle to meet my bills or else lose the

bonny hard-won station, where would I be now? Many a time in years past have I spared the poor furry brutes, when Bran and Barefoot and Fingal had their muzzles buried in their flanks, for surely I trusted that all forest things would disappear before civilization. All history is our warrant for wild beasties, ay, and all aboriginal craters, fading away before the great Aanglo-Saaxon. But there the brutes abide, every one of them eating as much grass as two sheep, forbye what they trample and spoil. There are thousands of great big for-esters on the run if there's one, this minute. They've increased like rabbits of late years, and the old run is now, what no white man ever saw it before, short of grass."

Here the old man paused, with an expression of ruefulness almost ludicrous. It was as if he had said, "The Bank of England—half-a-crown in the pound, think of that!" Indeed it was a very serious affair, and productive of severe loss, though not so ruinous as it would have been to a man of smaller means. Yet McDiarmid had not quite weaned himself from the idea that the condition of his yearly drafts of fat cattle was a matter of extreme importance. It was certain that the enormous flock of kangaroo had consumed the herbage so completely which formed the food of the herds of cattle that these valuable and highly bred animals were, though not starving, so much reduced in condition as to be little more than half of their former value.

The verandah looked out on a shaven lawn, which was much loved by our host. It was entirely of English grasses, and the careful superintendence of it formed a great part of the old man's employment. Even in this fiery season it was comparatively green, and afforded a grateful relief to the eye. As he spoke, a dozen tall dusky upright forms sailed over the high rail-fence which bounded the garden. Some fell to munching Mac's dogtail and cocksfoot in the degraded position of "all fours," sacrificing uprightness to appetite. Others "sat up," erect, and crossing their sinewy arms or fore-legs across their chests, looked about them "as nateral as a white man." One huge brute, towering a couple of feet above his companions, showed his lighter-coloured fur, about sixty yards from us, clearly in the starlight.

"Saw ye ever the like of that?" groaned Mac. "It's the blessing of Providence they'll no want into a man's bedroom, for they'll no be keep oot. Am I any kind of kin to yon Pharaoh, think ye, that a plague of these brutes has come against me? What

say ye, lads?" Leaving us to deliberate upon this view of the question, he slipped quietly into a dressing-room, and reappeared with a long heavy rifle, pretty well known in these parts, and letting drive without more ado, down came the "old man" kangaroo with a thud like a buffalo. The rest of the marauders retreated with a silence and celerity as wonderful as their approach. We saw them top the high rail-fence, with the same gravity, the same stately stride, the same enormous bound, looking in the half light like a steeple-chase of Ghouls. There remained one "old man," however, a solemn fact. He lay dead under a choice young pine, and measured ten feet from the head to the end of the tail.

"Noo, laddies, ye've ocular proof of my woes and oppression," recommenced Mac. "My life's a burden to me. I've tried dogs. There's twenty deerhounds at the back that can pull down anything from a bandicoot to a wild bull. But what of that? The puir brutes are cut and gashed and ripped till there's hardly hide on them to hold stitches. And they're wearied out till they'll hardly rise to follow the everlasting vermin."

"Don't you shoot a lot of them?" put in Jack Barton, in a soothing tone of voice. "I should think a fellow in a week might make a goodish bag, eh?"

"Shoot them! I believe they breed faster than rabbits, and then they're like the crows; they misdoot the auld iron, and just gae hop, hop, hopping fifty yards out of range. Well, we maun die fechtin'. I'll no give in. And now, ye'll have my idea. We'll have a 'finchel,' as they call it in the Highlands—that is, a grand 'drive.' We'll get all the neighbours, strangers, friends, foes, and acquaintances, and then we'll see how many of the villains we can drive into the bran new yard that they Yankee trapper bodies have just finished. They're doucelike chieles, and I've promised them all the skins for their trouble."

The proposition was received with delight by every man of us; and next day we organized our plan in detail. We wrote hard till lunch—invitations, of course. We also sent an advertisement to the local thunderer, the *Ballandra Sentinel*, announcing the "Kangaroo Drive" for a certain day.

Every one came, and brought some one else. The proverbial hospitality of Ballandra attracted some, the sport more. Besides, it was the idle time of year. The harvest was threshed, the sheep were shorn, the calves branded, the fat cattle not started. Like England at Christmas, Canada in a

frost, India in "the rains," and Swan River all the year round, there was little or nothing to do. So every one for miles round about adopted the notion of a week's sport with cheerful promptitude and a clear conscience.

As we were recovering from our epistolary fatigues, affirmative answers began to pour in. All the neighbours, McTavish, Sedley, Jones, Lecroix, and the rest, — they would all come. It was "the thing" to help a neighbour. Besides, they might want the smart riders and good horses of Ballandra in a day of need. All the stockmen, we heard by word of mouth, were coming from the Moyne to the Glenelg; partly for the fun, for which they did not care much, partly for the grog, for which they cared a great deal. All the boys made it clear that none of them would stay away. It was a glorious excuse for leaving home, and for showing off one's horse. It professed unlimited galloping, yelling, and bloodshed, singularly combined in the cause of duty. Even the doctor thought he would probably look in; casualties might occur. In fine farmers, bankers, drapers, butchers, bakers, black fellows, every one who could get a horse or a holiday, came to our mighty hunt.

Our host made stupendous preparations for the company. Two bullocks were killed; a good shot was told off with O'Donnell to beat the river and lagoons, and strings of wild ducks, pigeons, and a couple of noble wild turkeys, speedily adorned the larder. Impromptu stabling was devised; levies were made upon adjoining establishments for table necessaries and bedding; all the available hacks were got in for remount service; and after a week's incessant activity we rested, satisfied that either everything was done or that nothing more could be done, — which came to the same thing.

On Monday the guests began to arrive: in the forenoon principally those who lived close to Ballandra — that is, from ten to thirty miles. Also boys in great numbers, nervously anxious not to be late. In the afternoon the procession was continuous of hacks, dog-carts, buggies, mailphaetons, &c., as people preferred to ride or drive. By sundown the house was full; the kitchen and men's huts crowded; the lawn in front of the house, and the green before the "huts," all studded with every variety of man and boy possible under the existing laws of species. Most of the gentry lounged about the verandah or sat on the lawn, now as dry as a deal table. The small farmers, stockmen, and "people" generally

sat upon fences, or logs, or carts, and smoked and chaffed unconstrainedly.

Our evening festivities were genial but not protracted, for to-morrow was to be the day of battle, and rumours were afloat of a start so very early as to strike the town-bred guests with affright. Every man was expected to make his own sleeping arrangements. As nearly all had had the requisite apprenticeship in camping out — for sport or work — this was held to be all that the most exacting Sybarite could require in such weather.

McDiarmid sounded the *réveillée* at the first streak of dawn, say about 3.30 A. M. He was also good enough to notify that every one not dressing immediately would be left behind. The boys and many of the inexperienced were thereby goaded into an excited and comfortless style of dressing. But we of the ancient habitués of Ballandra knew better. We knew that Mrs. Teviot, the housekeeper, could not have her cold rounds and hot steak, her wild turkey hash and devilled drumsticks, her jam, honey, fresh butter, eggs, and short-cake and porridge, marshalled at any such supernatural hours. So we of the committee and a dozen or two more "old hands" strolled quietly down to the calm cool river, lying bright in the crimson dawnlight, and had a welcome dip. The water was deliciously cool, but the air was so mild and warm that we sat on the rock or lounged about after coming out, watching the blue and white cranes, the golden-burnished ibis, the pelicans and the spoonbills, as they fished in the shallows, or stood (principally on one leg) in dignified repose. So we lounged and trifled till, in a wave of billowy gold and purple, the "glorious sun uprist;" and then the woods woke up with warble and chatter, the stockmen shook themselves, lit their pipes, and were dressed for the day. Whips began to ring, running in the horses from the paddock. Business becoming imminent, we betook ourselves to our simple apparelling in earnest, and about an hour after sunrise we sat down to a breakfast that yet lives in dreams.

Before breakfast commenced we had heard a few whips "going," and a rolling thunder of galloping hoofs which we knew to be the troop of riding horses which had been collected from all parts of the great horse-paddock, and "run in" to the horse-yard — a spacious railed enclosure, with smaller yards abutting on to it. Therefore, directly the after-breakfast pipe was finished, every man shouldered his bridle, and took his way down to the horse-yard. Here

was the commencement of the day's exciting duties. Every one had a bridle, by which he desired to connect himself with a horse. There were about one hundred and fifty horses in the yard — blacks, browns, bays, grays — all colours, values, sizes, ages, from Mr. Hollymount's Mameluke, up to fourteen stone with any hounds in Britain, to Dicky Wilder's Timor pony; from the doctor's venerable chestnut, quiet and sagacious enough almost to pay a medical visit on his own account, to Frank Smasher's black colt, backed the day before yesterday.

It is commonly believed that the Australian horse runs up to the colonist, who simply signifies his desire by whistling. This is not precisely true. Those horses which are quiet, generally make some effort at evasion, unless when hobbled or lowered in spirit by travelling. The horses which are young, nervous, or vicious, bolt about the yard in utter disregard to the owner's feelings and his dignity, and are only cornered with the help of numbers and forced to submit. When a great number are mixed together, they excite one another to rebellion, and complicate confusion in every way.

Thus this morning we had before our embarrassed view a chaos of heads and tails — principally the latter for the first twenty minutes — every man trying, like hunting-men at a hand gate, to get out of the scrape himself, regardless of his friends. Cries of "Hang that colt of yours, Jones; he's run over the top of me: you're always riding a colt!" "Brown, why on earth did you bring that kicking mare of yours here?" "Wilson, lend us a hand with the filly; she won't take a minute." "Mr. Robinson, may I venture to ask respectfully if you are on friendly terms acquainted with that white-legged chestnut, against whose hind-legs you brushed this moment? That horse, sir, is Mr. Leech's Cannibal; he has killed two men, and for private reasons has just missed the chance of killing a third!" Mr. Robinson goes and sits on the rails to recover himself.

At length all the horses are caught, and in much shorter time than might be expected. Anon we are all mounted and away, the younger men and boys "lashing" their horses over the great gum-tree logs, which, offering jumps suited to all comers, lay thinly scattered over the great flat which fringed the river. Between the operation of the heat and the competitive energies of the cattle-herds and the flocks of kangaroo, the vast natural meadow was,

as one of the stockmen feelingly observed, "as bare of grass as the palm of your hand;" while another gravely professed his belief "that you could hunt a flea across it with a stock-whip."

Few of the predators were visible at this hour of the day on the flat, though the night would see it thickly dotted with their dark quaint forms: now they were lying in groups at the bases of the white and red gum-trees of the forest which we were just entering. The well-bred short-horns of the Ballandra herd soon began to meet our eyes in "mobs" or droves, and their manifest low condition drew forth angry comments from the squatters and their retainers.

The yard, which was to hold our game, could they be induced to enter it, was a large enclosure of split timber, with sapplings and branches placed vertically against the rails, so as to augment the appearance of height and solidity. A kangaroo can jump as high as a deer, so that extraordinary fencing is needed. This, however, was but the strong room, as it were — the final prison, which entered, "left hope behind." Longer enclosures, called "lanes," led in circuitous fashion to this *oubliette*. Behind these again were the "wings" — long lines of fencing, gradually closing in towards these lanes, and far apart — indeed, out of sight — at their extremities.

Captain O'Donnell divided us into companies, and with military decision and brevity gave us our instructions and routes.

Our commanding officer, who had put on his parade expression (which he could adopt with great suddenness and completeness whenever it so pleased him, and which transformed the gay, rollicking O'Donnell into a stern, hard-looking man, without a trace of sympathy or humour), made a grand military disposition of the forces. Partly from McDiarmid's direction, and partly from a pretty accurate knowledge of the run, acquired in his numerous shooting excursions over it, he despatched one party after another to all points of the compass. An active young neighbour was told off in command of a party to beat the Ettrick plain. "Cold Morning," a tame aboriginal, of hound-like qualities, led another band to rouse the long-tails out of the "green gully." Every creek, gully, flat, and range had a few well-known bushmen allotted to it, who were accompanied by a proportion of volunteers. The general order was to keep wide and quiet till we got near the wings, and then to rush there and go "like steam."

Turning our horses' heads different ways, we soon lost sight of all but our immediate adherents. By this time the sun was not to be denied. It was of a lurid copper-colour, and the air was full of a misty haze, fairly tremulous with the heat. Trees were plentiful, but shade was there none. Yet the horses bounded on, and the men were in high spirits and full of vigour.

Our costume was light to a fault. A shirt, trousers, and boots were the whole equipment of the stockmen and farmers. A silk coat, a puggree, boots, and white cords, adorned the wealthier. A daring swell or two rode in knickerbockers and brown Russian boots, still more delusive as to the temperature. But all honour to the genial Australian climate. Hot it was, yet the heated air was dry and fresh, and lacked the deadly subtlety of the tropics. There you go about (if you happen to be young and foolish, as is generally the case) rejoicing in your strength, and thinking the heat of no particular consequence, when down you go with a sun-stroke, to die before the day is out, or to lie moaning for a month like a wounded jackal. Little recked our band of the noonday sun. Many of the younger men — natives of the country — had nothing on their heads but shallow straw-hats, made of the cabbage-tree — encircled by a broad black ribbon. And yet these fellows would go galloping about all day, or mowing, reaping, cattle-branding, any violent work, with impunity. They would come in at night, after all this to eat beefsteaks, and sleep as soundly as if the keen breeze of — let us say — a North British spring were bracing nerve and sinew.

Through the broad glades of the southern forest we held our way merrily. Now over wide flats like brown billiard-tables; now under giant white-barked weird encalypti: sometimes over piles of lava and scoria, through the clefts of which the grass grew broad and green in the early summer. We scared the wood-duck from the dry lakes, and the turkeys from the burnt grass. Clouds of parrots flashed around us like clusters of winged emeralds and rubies — as onward and onward still we rode, until we had made the circuit of the run and commenced to concentrate the forces of the "finchel."

Large flocks of kangaroo had from time to time risen from their noonday camps, and fled before us. As we now began to view our fellow-hunters we had in sight a continuous stream of terrified animals, hurrying to a common centre; the larger males

— the "old men," as they are called — towered above the flying bucks, flying does and joeys, the half-grown bucks, does, and young ones. The wallaby, — a smaller variety, and bearing the same analogy to its larger *confreire*, the forester, as the rabbit does to the hare — might be seen scuttling along in the mêlée — joining perforce with the main troop, and sometimes making vain attempts to double back: attempts which generally landed them in the midst of the army of dogs in the rear, where they were instantly snapped up and disappeared.

We were now close to the edge of the wings. The spectacle was remarkable. The long line of horsemen, at tolerably equal distances, were closing on the flying host of fur-clad two-legged creatures, hopping and bounding frantically before them. As they approached the eastern wing a larger proportion of the horsemen spread themselves in that direction, keeping behind them, and forming a continuous line with the end of the fence. The western side was left comparatively open, so as to permit that flank of the body of game to extend itself easily. The leading kangaroo, so guided, ran up what appeared to be an unconnected fence. The pace now became better. Up go the leaders, fearing no evil and doubtless hoping for a turn to the right and general escape. Not so. The western wing is now sighted. The opening between the two wings is not more than 500 yards, and rapidly narrows. At a wave from the Captain's hand fifty eager riders spur across, and every five yards from fence to fence is filled by a horseman. If they do not turn and "break" now they are lost.

The moment has arrived. It is the charge down the hill at Waterloo. It is Marengo when Dessaix comes up. Mac gives the equivalent order to "Up, Guards, and at them!" and taking old Bushranger by the head, races desperately up to their tails. The younger portion of the company had been ready and more than willing for an hour back; and when the glorious signal was given,

— such a yell was there,  
As if men fought on earth below,  
And fiends in upper air!

The wild centaurs of lads pricked up their nags, and all but jumped on the backs of the crowded and frantic animals. All who could ride, and all who could not, delivered themselves over to the delirium of the moment. The long heavy whips of the stockmen rose and fell like a forest of flails,



while their reports rang like musketry. The dogs, sternly repressed up to this moment, barked and worried like demons. The rear of the mass pressed madly on the leading animals, which, with a fence on either side, and all Gehenna "maddening in the rear," had no choice but to go forward.

Up the fast closing straight running they flew, with the speed of a dream. Another half-mile is gained, and the vast herd is approaching the fatal enclosure. But the vanguard, whose delicate instinct has been dominated temporarily only, scents the coming evil, and slackening pace falls back on the main body. Tremendous confusion is created. By the concussion, dozens of the younger animals are knocked over by the weight and impetus of the older ones. The whole herd are now mingled in one trampling whirlwind of dust. The front, jammed by the rear, in vain try to charge back. Every one who has had the privilege of attending cattle musters recognizes this as the turning moment of the contest. If the herd "breaks," or turns its flank outward, a thousand horse would not stop them, and the day's work is thrown away.

"Stick to them, my lads," shouts Captain Blake, double-thonging with a hunting-whip like a maniac.

"Back up, for dear life," roars old Mac, with his feature glowing with excitement and wrath, as he waves his broad-leaved hat, and shies it desperately amid the host.

These exhortations were barely needed by any but the town-bred and inexperienced members of the hunt. Every old hand and every bush-bred lad was going it like an Irish sergeant at a forlorn hope. Their yells and cries were redoubled. The dogs raged with demoniac energy. The trained horses of the stockmen bit and kicked as they turned heads or tails alternately to the foe. None broke the line. The rear was forced bodily on to the front rank, which, confused and overpowered, once more took to the open. After a short distance rattled over at fair hunting pace, lo! a turn to the right appears leading back towards the route by which they had entered. Down the lane they go like a whirlwind, followed by the whole herd; and after passing down a lane, turning still more in the line of the escape route, debouche into a large enclosure having no outlet whatever. It is the strong yard. For one moment the whole line of horsemen "blocks" the passage by which they had entered. Another—and two men simultaneously pull sliding

lines, and a wall of canvas eight feet high stands between them and the outer world.

Now there are great breath-takings, loosening of girths, and general return to the realms of common sense. Apologies are made to any one who has got in the way, and been sworn at in the hurry of business. Now recommences the reign of chaff among the stockmen, too busy for conversation of late, and being, to do them justice, men capable of doing several hours' work in one, when needs must.

Now that we had got the kangaroo, the next question was, What were we to do with them? The duty of the historian becomes painful. They were all to be killed! Yes, dreadful as it sounds—butchered in cold blood. There was nothing else for it. We have our tendernesses like other people, and hate needless cruelty. But the lives of these animals represented an annual loss of a couple of thousands a year, at least; and sheep and cattle, and the welfare of Christian men, women, and children thereon depending, must be preferred to that of brutes, however directly inoffensive.

Mac and his squatter friend, and the stockmen, were thinking more of the despoiled pastures and diminished reputation of Ballandra, than of abstract questions of humanitarianism. So arming themselves with heavy sticks they entered the yard. Then every one else adopted a weapon, and hasted to the slaughter—one or two had got hold of swords; some had heavy-handled hunting-whips—one an Indian hogsppear. The boys rushed to the prey. Then the slaughter commenced. Every one was rather excited by the chase, so after the first few moments every one went in savagely enough. The kangaroo is easily killed by a blow on the head; if, with an "old man" at bay, you have nerve enough to stand still for his rush (for at such a time he charges like a wild bull), and to strike him fair between the ears, he will fall as if shot. So the sticks were the favourite weapons.

Mac led the way, striking down right and left with a great she-oak sapling. The stockmen, who occasionally had some practice in killing calves on nearly as large a scale, and in the same fashion, were decidedly the most efficient macropicides, though all the laymen assisted manfully. After all, killing a kangaroo, like many other arts and accomplishments, is not so easy as it looks. He is an agile beast, and if elderly, fierce. So when the youthful townsmen essayed this cheap form of heroism, they were occasionally deceived. But the greater

number of the trapped creatures were huddled together too confused and terrified for further flight or resistance; but one flying buck, like the solitary Mameluke at the citadel of Cairo, dared the impossible, and took the canvas-wall fair. On the other side was an individual who might be described as a gentleman in difficulties. Mr. Neuchamp was the fortunate proprietor of a horse, a late purchase, which he had invested in against the advice of his squatter host. This valuable animal when tied up invariably broke his bridle. When left loose on "parole," he immediately started off for the place where he was bred about a hundred and fifty miles distant. On this occasion, being over-excited by the chase, he utterly declined to let Mr. Neuchamp get off—making ready to kick at him as he alighted—or to stand still, or to go away from the yard, rearing desperately when moved in the opposite direction. While his perplexed rider was mentally questioning the horsemanship which he had brought from the old country, and which he trusted (and indeed asserted) was to awe the natives of this new one, the flying buck aforesaid leapt the canvas, and dropping upon Mr. Neuchamp, as if from the clouds, at once decided the question of dismounting. In one agonized moment he lay gasping on the turf in one direction, the yet more astonished kangaroo in another; and Mr. Neuchamp only raised himself on his elbow, when slightly recovered, to behold his horse and his marsupial antagonist going best pace in opposite directions—the former, as usual, heading straight across country for Warranup.

The long, long summer day was nearly done—the tireless sun was lingering to his rest behind the far blue range in red golden glories—the air was cool as we rode soberly home to Ballandra, dusty, tired, hungry, and blood-stained. Yet was the feeling not unpleasant as we let our horses go in the horse-paddock, knowing that a season of well-earned rest and delectation awaited us. Happy the man who, when the hour arrives, doubts not of appetite or the meal that is to satisfy it.

As we came up, each man bearing his saddle and bridle, old Mrs. Teviot greeted us with looks of astonishment and a mountain of towels, foreboding of the cool swim in the quartz-pebbled river, which was *de rigueur* after such a day. "Eh! gude-sake, look at the laddies! Just fearsome!

And did ye kill a' the puir beasts? Weel-a-weel, it's sair work shedding the bluid o' the mony o' the Lord's creatures. But ye gentlemen ken a' aboot it, nae doot; it's no for me to judge. Puir Maister McDiarmid's sair fashed and disjeckit like. He just canna sleep at night. Nae doot we maun live in the land and multiply, and we canna live for thae landloupin' thieves o' kangaroo. Noo, dinna swim a' the night, for the denner's a' but waitin' on ye."

In dozens we pitched ourselves off the tall rock, one after the other like school-boys, into the deep cool river reach, now fast shaddowing over in the long twilight. Who swims not loses a pleasure of the choicest, in all lands where the sun shines strongly. We came up cooled and freshened to the inmost nerve, and before dinner proceeded to comfort the inner gentleman with deep draughts of the well-cooled and delicate Yering.

And the dinner! But let us respect the sacred reserves of that immortal meal. None but men who like us had ridden and toiled, pure from the base compromise of lunch, could have performed such a feat as was then performed.

Those of our friends who were new to bush life asked themselves sternly, why they did not so toil and so enjoy, daily, continually? Why, this was life—life to the very finger tips! It was a new revelation! Henceforth they would live in the wilderness, exist on horseback, and be demigods.

The night wore on, all violet-blue and silver-starred. Tales were told. Songs were sung. Long we sat and gossipped, and lay about on the lawn's dewless grass, far into the kind cool night. No fears had we in our *al fresco* indulgence. No viewless foe lurked in flower-scented air, or the low faint sigh of the river-oaks. Why go to bed, why go at all? Had sleep fairer dreams than these? It was Aidenn, would it but last,—lotus-land; and we world-worn wayfarers, dreaming on the bank of the lulling water, in a land of changeless summer.

So wore the night. The next day saw the departure of all save a few friends, who stayed to keep Mac company. But for years after among the chronicles of the west, the memory will be fresh of the jests and the adventures, the hospitality and good fellowship, of the great Ballandra Kangaroo drive.

From the Saturday Review.

### PERFECTIBILITY.

PROBABLY there are few people of any moderate amount of intelligence who have not occasionally asked themselves whether there is a chance of the world becoming a better and a happier place than it is, and of the race which inhabits it arriving by degrees at something far nearer to perfection. Hitherto, Dr. Cumming and a good many well-disposed persons have answered the question to themselves by saying that the world is not going to last much longer. The Pope, it was thought, would disappear, a certain personage whom it is unnecessary to name would be chained up, the leopard and the lamb were on the point of fraternising, the Zoological Gardens would be turned into a happy tea-garden of temperance and love, and the earth be governed by saints consisting chiefly (we may conjecture) of the Scotch persuasion. And if such a supposition had proved correct, everything must have gone well, and we should have soon entered on an epoch in which nobody could have complained, except perhaps of a slight redundancy of Scotchmen and of tracts. Now that Dr. Cumming has explained himself, and put off to an indefinite period the promised era of zoological unanimity, we are all of us driven back on the old speculation as to what will become of the world in the long run; for, judging of civilized society from appearances, a man might not unnaturally infer that the universe, far from approaching an abrupt termination, has a considerable portion of its course yet unfulfilled. Old people, as is natural, declare with much confidence that we are all moving from bad to worse. Middle-aged persons incline to the opinion that no great alteration is to be anticipated. It is more difficult, they find to get old port and first-rate Madeira; but, on the other hand, French cooks and French clarets are becoming cheaper and more attainable; so that the progress of the world, upon the whole, balances pretty nearly its retrogression. But the young and the enthusiastic, whose digestion is unimpaired, disdain altogether such miserable considerations, and feel instinctively that young men and women are on the eve of discovering something very new and very true.

The great argument against expecting vast changes in the condition of mankind rests upon the fact that, whatever else varies, human passions, and therefore human

vices and human misery, do not seem capable of eradication. People will always be sensual, avaricious, and jealous of one another, while nations will always be wanting what they have not got; and so long as this is the case there will, it is believed, be immorality, and turbulence, and wars. Occasionally there comes a pause and a breathing-time, when, for a short interval, poets and idealists begin to prophesy a golden time coming; but something or other happens to disturb their predictions, and things settle down into the same old imperfect groove. When the first Great Exhibition was still a novelty, most of us can recollect how its pacific and moral effect was marred by the European contests that immediately succeeded it, and how the enthusiasts of the day determined never to put their faith in Great Exhibitions again. The lesson then taught them they have never since forgotten, and they are ready to remind themselves and others of their disappointment whenever they see symptoms of a growing disposition to indulge in extravagant hopes of progress. And yet it may be questioned whether the desponding tone which cynics take about the world is a just or adequate one. One fact that is worth noticing is that pessimism of the kind is far more common in England than it is elsewhere. Upon the Continent and in the New World there is far more faith — to use a somewhat cant expression — in the destinies of humanity than there is amongst ourselves. If the majority of English people had as much knowledge of other nations outside as they have of their own affairs, if their views were as extended and as cosmopolitan as they are business-like and shrewd, their opinions on such points would be more reliable. As it is, one cannot help seeing that even educated Englishmen think clearly and well about what lies within their own sphere, but cannot be depended upon to form correct judgments upon the movement or ideas of the great portion of the world that lies, so to speak, beyond their gates. Foreigners do not entertain nearly as strong a conviction that society is going to be stationary; and if this is so, it is possible, to say the least of it, that the phenomena on which they base their conclusions differ from the phenomena presented to the English cynic or to the English sceptic. In intellectual matters, scepticism is perhaps an impregnable and unanswerable, if not a very cheerful creed. But practical scepticism — or the belief that nothing can be of much use to mankind, and that the race to which we belong is imperfect, and must

always continue to be so — is so destructive of effort, of philanthropy, and of that genial form of religion which approaches nearest to philanthropy, that it is worth while every now and then to put the brighter side of the picture before ourselves, and to repeat some of the arguments which make it possible to be hopeful and enthusiastic without incurring the charge of being Utopian and impractical. It is, moreover, a curious feature in the case that the classes on whose future prospects we are in the habit of looking with most despondency are far from being themselves the most despondent. The masses look forward, to a man, towards a "good time coming." And the same may be said of the philosophers who lead them. The advent of democracy is regarded by many sensible and impartial thinkers as a final and terrible catastrophe, which will be to civilized society like a second deluge. When we look to the writings and sayings of the greatest living democrats, we find no similar forebodings. It is not only Dr. Cumming who believes in a millenium. Poets and politicians like Victor Hugo, and the school of whom he is the chief, believe in a millenium too, though a millenium of a more secular and less evangelical kind. Nor is it to be forgotten that what Victor Hugo and his friends believe is received as a sort of gospel by those for whom they write. Garibaldians and Mazzinians, working-men, socialists, and republicans are always talking in rapture of the coming reign of order and of peace. Even the materialistic Emperor of the French seems to have a blind confidence of the same description. None of these people think the golden age is come; on the contrary, they believe that bloodshed, war, and revolution lie between ourselves and it; but they have visions of a splendid destiny in the distance which quieter and less restless minds are accustomed (perhaps hastily) to dismiss at once as idle.

It must be confessed, we think, upon a fair consideration of the state of the world at large, that an astounding change is taking place in the conditions under which the human race has hitherto existed. Till a comparatively recent period mankind have been broken up into innumerable groups, each clustering closely round some centre of its own. Division and subdivision have been the paramount law. A generation or two back, for example, the idea of a general public opinion in Europe was unheard of. Every nation went the way it chose to go, or rather, the way in which its rulers chose to guide it; but had little sympathy with or

knowledge of the rest. There has always, it is true, been a European fraternity among men of letters, a free-masonry of intellect and cultivation; but the public opinion of the world of literature had little immediate result upon anything except the refinement of literature itself. Great writers in one country corresponded with, and were read by, great writers in another. A controversy might even rage, as a chess-match might now be fought, between the thinkers of Germany and the thinkers of Paris or of London. But until the time came for space to be conquered by science, the great masses of human beings who were separated by rivers and mountains and by great plains could be brought into no real contact with each other; and whenever they were with difficulty transported into closer proximity, it was usually for the purpose of revenge, or plunder, or conquest. In such ages as these mankind was hopelessly broken up by a triple division. There was, first, the difficulty of interchanging ideas — a natural barrier which prevented in each place or district the importation or exportation of the produce of the brain. As long as men did not know or understand what each other thought, the progress of human thought everywhere was of necessity infinitesimal, political progress stagnated in proportion, and the waste of collective mental energy was enormous. In the next place, there was the barrier of diversity of interests. No one nation had the same material interests, or rather, none had been taught to find out that it had the same interests as the universe at large. Trade connected each with its immediate neighbour, but this connection was a precarious one, liable to be interrupted at the caprice of a sovereign, or extinguished by a famine or a war. And closely allied to these two divisions was a third, which sprang immediately from the political and mental state of each individual people — the division that separated class from class, and condemned the lowest class everywhere to servitude and ignorance. Until nature was conquered these divisions seemed likely to be eternal. And it is owing to the conquest of science over nature that they have been gradually giving way. So much cant is habitually talked about the principles of the French Revolution, that we are in danger of forgetting at times that the language in which these principles were couched, however it is abused by fanatics, has now, and had then, a real sense and meaning. Isolation and insularity had been the rule. The opposite idea of the fraternity of mankind

is a sound and wholesome doctrine, though its triumph will be due, not to this or that political school, so much as to the material discoveries which have enabled man at last to limit and overcome the insulating effect of time and space.

The question whether mankind, instead of being split up into local circles, can ever become a common family, is still of course open to debate. But those who are inclined to pronounce dogmatically against such a far-off possibility will do well to remind themselves of the extensive movement that has been made in this direction during the last fifty years. Railroads and telegraphs have been to man nothing short of a world-wide revolution. If the art of locomotion had still remained in abeyance, we should have seemed as far off from improvement as ever. But Victor Hugo and his disciples have this at least in their favour, that part of their programme is being realized almost imperceptibly under our very eyes. Steam, for instance, has made universal free-trade possible, and if anything like European harmony is ever to be attained, international free-trade by land and sea will prove doubtless to have been one stage upon the journey to this noble goal. And when we turn our eyes towards our own country, it is easy to imagine the great moral changes which so humble a natural agent as steam may yet have to accomplish. One of the most melancholy and least hopeful sights at present in Great Britain, as men of all political schools do or ought to acknowledge, is the condition of the agricultural class. The unhappy English laborer seems marked out by Providence to be for ever a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, dependant for education, and often for subsistence, on the charity and piety of classes whose interests are different from, though not necessarily opposed to his own. Rigid laws of settlement have combined to increase the difficulties imposed on him by nature, and help to keep him riveted in his place. His condition has been unchanged, because locomotion has been out of his power. If we could imagine cheap means of locomotion put everywhere within his reach, he would first of all have access to a larger and better market for his labour. But a far more important consequence would be, that he would have the opportunity of choosing the kind of labour to which he was most fitted, of altering and improving his condition, of mixing with the world without, and of raising himself into a class above his own. This

is only one small solitary instance of the kind of change which is the sure result of the increase of knowledge and science in the world. When we consider that similar changes are taking place, not in relation merely to a single and destitute class, but to all classes all over the habitable globe, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the civilized world is gathering power very fast, and at every fresh increase of the world's power the rate of progress increases with extraordinary celerity.

Those who are inclined to take a gloomy view of human progress will doubtless fall back upon one division which never can be got over, because it is part and parcel of human nature itself. There will always be men, and there will always be women, and each sex must always, it appears, have its distinct instincts and interests. Passion and sensuality and selfishness cannot entirely disappear while it is the law of nature that one sex should prey upon the other. The distinction between the two is as old as the world, and as long as the world lasts it will last. And when he dwells on this, the pessimist seems to have the better of the optimist. Yet even here the optimist has his answer ready, though it may not appear to be absolutely conclusive. The optimist believes that much of the social evils that have to do with the relations of the sexes arises from the great inequality of classes, and will disappear as this disappears. When the agricultural classes have something better in life to look forward to than the workhouse, their daughters will, he trusts, have some other alternative than marrying boors, and giving birth to idiots on the one hand, or prostitution upon the other. Women, the optimist admits, who begin life among the lower orders have very little chance. They are uneducated and purposeless, and are the slaves of their own instincts. Educate them, and improve their condition, and all this, he tells us, will pass away. Without expressing any firm adhesion to these sanguine views, one may at all events concede that they are not wildly and intolerably irrational. Upon the whole, whether we look at home or abroad, at the destruction of social barriers or of national ones, it is clear that the world is becoming less and less at the mercy of old divisions and subdivisions. An ideal state of things is still a long way off, but though mankind may never reach it, it is no longer so ridiculous a theory to maintain that we are moving in the right course towards it.



From the London Review.

# WEATHER WISDOM.

It is an old saying, as true of the weather as of other concerns of life, that when things come to the worst they begin to mend. The principle, in its particular application to meteorology, finds its best expression in the adage of "long foul, long fair;" and extended to large periods of time, may possibly furnish some foundation for a belief in weather cycles. Of the soundness of the principle itself there cannot be a doubt; for, after all, there is a balance in Nature. That hypothetical lady, into whose hands the administration of the laws of the universe seems to have been vicariously delivered, delights in variety. Even in these islands of perpetual cloud and haze, she abhors monotonous action with an aversion as great as that which she was represented by the Schoolmen of old to entertain for a vacuum. This year, however, it must be acknowledged she has been singularly perverse in forcing her gifts of condensed vapour on the inhabitants of the British Islands. Within living memory there has not been a year more marked by rain, fog, damp, and cold, in admixtures the most disagreeable and fluctuations the most trying to flesh and blood, than that to the close of which we are approaching. People have been worried and sickened by it; some have literally died of the year 1866 and its perpetual cold vapour bath. One good, however, the year 1866 has done, in confounding the weather-prophets and exposing the folly of their distant predictions of foul and fair. Lunarists, cyclists, and astrometeorologists must confess that they have been utterly baffled in their vaticinations by this singular year. The noble lord, in particular, who foretold a fine September that never came, and by the false prophecy is said to have caused damage to his Irish tenants' crops, and a consequent demand on their part for an abatement of rent, must feel rather sore at his failure. But the lesson will not be lost, for it has at least taught that weather wisdom is not always a harmless amusement.

That weather may be forecast is certain, thanks for the knowledge to scientific meteorology and the electric telegraph. But it is equally certain that these foreshadowings cannot extend to weather more than a day, or, at best, two days distant. Beyond this limit, as the philosophic Arago has justly observed, "Never, whatever may be the progress of the sciences, will the *savant* who is conscientious and careful of his reputation speculate on a prediction of the weather."

Moreover, the Meteorological Office, whence these forecasts issue, is not a school of prophets, but of officials, whose inspiration is solely that of the electric telegraph. Possibly they may sit like so many Delphic prophetesses, on three-legged urns, in Whitehall, while the invisible god whispers them through the wires the fact of a distant storm or calm travelling in an ascertained course to England; but their prophetic ravings are still of the most mechanical kind. As the telegram announces a train at Portsmouth, or at Rugby, which in a few hours will reach London, so is the certainty or probability of an approaching change of weather made known to them. There is neither prophecy nor mystery in their operations, nothing but dry telegraphed fact. But fact is an uninteresting source of information; and, hence, some persons of imaginative temperament prefer a weather wisdom that will penetrate deeper into the future. With these the Moon is the favourite as well as the most plausible oracle. It is an old and a popular belief that this luminary is the most potent agent in shaping the course of the weather, the changes of which are believed to take place particularly in connection with her quarters. It is needless here to attempt to refute this belief, which observations now extended over years have clearly proved to have but little, if any, foundation. Because the moon by her attraction must raise an atmospheric wave like the tide she creates in the ocean, it has been imagined that this wave is the chief agent in producing the fluctuations of the atmosphere. So far, however, is this from being the case, that this air-tide is hardly appreciable by the barometer, and has only been detected by that instrument in a small variation of pressure in the island of St. Helena. And, even if it were far more powerful, it would, as Arago has observed, be "so overborne and masked by daily recurring causes immediately referable to solar heating and electricity," that weather could not be affected by it. It is a curious fact that the light of the moon has an effect on the weather, while her attraction has none. It is accepted both by Sir John Herschell and by Humboldt as a scientific fact, attested by the pilots and seamen of South America, that the full moon's rays have the power of dispelling the clouds. If this be true, and if, in the lunarist's theory, this is the agent which changes the weather, then all changes from foul to fair should be at the full moon. But it is needless to say that this does not always happen; nor is it the lunarist's theory, for, of the two, he gives the preference

to the new moon for fair. But this fact of the effect of the full moon's light is interesting in another point of view. No heat has yet, except in one experiment mentioned by Professor Tyndall, been detected in the moon's rays, though there ought to be heat in them; and this cloud-dissipating fact renders it probable that whatever rays of heat they have are arrested by the clouds and air above, leaving none to reach the earth sufficient sensibly to effect the thermometer. And this further confirms Arago's opinion that heat is a chief agent in weather changes. If the heat of the moon's rays affect the air and clouds to a much greater extent than its attraction can, how much more powerful must the solar heat be in its effects than either or both of them. This view of the matter in itself is sufficient to blow to the winds all theories of lunar tidal influence. The opinion of Sir John Herschell ought to be decisive of the question. Alluding to the one fact we have mentioned he has put on record his conviction that, "As to any other influence of the moon on the weather we have no decisive evidence in its favour."

But changes of weather may be foreseen, often by long intervals, by other aids far more efficacious than those of the moon, or of weather cycles; a moon's changes rivalry even may be established with the meteorologists of Whitehall. The apparatus required may, with the exception of a barometer and the clouds, be all found in the animal kingdom, a careful observation of the habits of some of the denizens of which is the sure road to successful weather wisdom. There seems to be a sensibility to atmospheric change in the lower orders of creation which answers them as instincts, and directly gives them information which man only arrives at by the longer road of reason. The scent of the hound is an instance of a delicate sense, which we cannot form an idea of, thought it may help us to conceive the possibility of "pigs seeing the wind," or of horses and cattle "sniffing a distant storm." A sow carrying straw in her mouth to make her bed is as sure an indication of coming foul weather as any the barometer can give; and when puss turns her tail to the fire, and in that position commences to wash her face, it is said the same event is predicted. It is as true of the skies as of domestic affairs, that when the hen crows a change for the worse is at hand; and, as to the lord of the poultry-yard, we have the old saying, that—

"If the cock crows going to bed,  
He'll surely rise with a watery head."

Robin Redbreast singing in the midst of rain on the top twig of a tree is an infallible index of a beneficial change to fair for a few days at least; and the screech of the owl under similar circumstances is said to have the same meaning, though the peacock's screech at all times denotes ungenial weather. Frogs also furnish their signs, becoming brown on the approach of rain, but remaining yellow so long as it is absent. There is a curious weather-glass made in Germany, the materials entering into the composition of which are two frogs, two small ladders, and a cylindrical vessel of water. Frogs and ladders being duly put into the water, if the froggies climb their ladders and look over the vessel's side, foul days are at hand; if they remain below, the sky will continue fine. Leeches in water furnish similar indications; but spiders and snails are the most remarkable of all the weather prophets. When the former make their webs at night, the morning is sure to be fine; if they make them in the morning, the coming day may be relied on for a drive or walk. Hence the saying:—

"When you see the gossamer flying,  
Be you sure the air is drying."

An instance is on record of a French officer, confined in a prison in Utrecht during the wars of the French revolution, having so closely and accurately observed the habits of some spiders that were his sole companions, that he was able, by their movements, to foretell a frost fourteen days before it came, and thereby turn the certain defeat of the French army into a glorious victory. But snails are remarkable weather indicators. Like frogs, their colours change on the approach of rain, and some species indicate rain so much as ten days before by tubercles, which appear on their bodies, and seem intended for the purpose of imbibing the approaching moisture. As a general rule these creatures, according to their habits, two or three days before rain, may be seen climbing the trunks of trees, or seeking shelter under leaves, or making their way to open places. We thus see that by a careful assortment of spiders, snails, frogs, and leeches, and a few domestic animals, combined with a good barometer, and accurate observation of the language of the clouds, and the song and cries of birds, any person may easily become a weather prophet of no mean practical wisdom.

But how shall we account for the more distant foresight of weather which some animals have? What teaches the bees to

kill their drones early if a wet summer is coming, or the water-fowl, to forsake their marshes if it is to be dry? By what vision does the swallow know the approach of a fine summer, and consequently set forth early on his migration to northern regions? By what foreknowledge is the worm led to burrow deep into the earth if the winter is to be cold? In all these cases there is distance foresight, for action is taken a month at least before the anticipated foul or fair can come. Reason cannot fathom the mystery; it has to confess itself baffled and excited by the light enjoyed by insect, and bird, and brute.

---

From the Saturday Review.

#### OVER-CULTIVATED INTELLECTS.

THE idea that too much may be made of reason, or, in other words, that intellect may be over-cultivated, is propped up, like many other idle ideas, by the fallacious abuse of an analogy. Man's nature, from a moral point of view, may be regarded as an economy. As Aristotle, Plato, and Bishop Butler all have told us, speaking in widely different language, we are most perfect when all the various parts of our nature harmonize with one another, and when none destroys the rest. The reason—such, at least, is the inference suggested—ought not to be over-cultivated, or whatever we gain in that direction we lose perhaps in some other. Perhaps we become unpractical, or disinclined to listen to the voice of sentiment, and thus injure ourselves by developing our reasoning powers, very much as a student undermines his physical health by reading. One ludicrous error involved in this sort of argument is in supposing that reason is synonymous with pedantry or book-learning. A man does not become unpractical by improving his mind, for the highest form of mental elevation is that which teaches us most ably and most promptly to combine theory and practice, and to bring the former to bear upon the latter. Nor does the development of reason at all interfere with the due influence of sentiment upon us. How, except from reason, are we to learn where the due influence of sentiment ends, and the undue influence begins? If it were not for reason, we should not even understand what our sentiments were, far less understand to what extent they should be permitted to govern us. A large number of loose thinkers rather prefer to leave the whole subject of our instinctive feelings unanalysed. They like having a vague sense to obey when it pleases them to obey it, and they pretend that it is a sort of profanation to examine into its origin and force. When they

wish to follow it, it is dignified with the vague name of conscience; when they mean to overthrow it, it is dubbed prejudice at once. The truth is, on the contrary, that both conscience and prejudice are made up of the same sort of constituent elements, that it is reason only which can discriminate between the two. Reason tells us what conscience is, and shows us exactly why we should listen to it, pointing out why, on the one hand, it is a valuable authority, and why, on the other hand, it is neither infallible nor inspired. Conscience, indeed, is made up of reasonings, the process of which we have forgotten or undergone perhaps unconsciously, but the conclusions of which are left with us in the shape of moral instincts. If reason were not continually on the watch to reform these old processes of reasoning which as often as not are untrustworthy, and if mankind were at the mercy of what they are pleased to call their conscience, the world would be a very miserable and hopeless place. The same remark holds good of an undefined quality which is often spoken of as practical common sense. Practical common sense is nothing more or less than reason itself; for it is reason, and nothing but reason, which can instruct us how far to carry theory, and where we should stop short of being too subtle. Excessive subtlety is not by any means, what those who fear over-cultivated intellect assume, synonymous with the development of intellect. The intellect never can be too keen. It is only a misnomer applied to the kind of mental error which consists in applying general principles that are drawn from one set of experiences to circumstances which do not fall under the same head. A subtle theorist can only go wrong by arguing badly. When we speak of people refining too much, we only mean at bottom that they are applying a distinction visible enough in one aspect to a case where it does not and cannot hold good. The business of intellectual cultivation is to prevent our doing this. As an instrument the mind never can become too sharp or fine, any more than a razor is better for being tolerably blunt.

In politics, as in everything else, this truth is absolute and certain. And it is very necessary in a country like our own, which is always in danger of being infected with a kind of disbelief in intellect (which is only ignorant scepticism in disguise), that we should be careful, in dealing with political questions, to keep this truth quite clear. Statesmen and members of Parliament who err in being over-theoretical are not rightly described as over-intellectual. The sort of mistake that is sometimes made is in assuming that what seems to them to be an ideal constitution is the constitution which ought, *vi et armis*, to be imposed upon a nation at once. This is, no doubt, an error, but it is, after all, an error of a nobler form than that which consists in seeing nothing imperfect in the constitution one possesses. But wherever error exists, the cure for it is to be found, not in cultivating intellect less, but in cultivating intellect more. It is just the same in religion

and in morals as in politics. One of the great blots in the theory of Protestantism, as accepted by the vulgar, is that it is assumed that one man is quite as good a judge of difficult subjects as another. In reality, it is to reason that all differences of creed, of morals, and of politics, must in the end be referred; and though superior minds have their own temptations, and are liable to peculiar aberrations of their own, an able mind on all subjects is far more likely to be right, on any calculation of chances, than a mind which is inferior. So stated, this truth seems a truism; but when truisms begin to be ignored, it is just as well to restate them.

---

From the Spectator, Dec. 15.

#### THE EVACUATION OF ROME.

SLOWLY and grandly, as if some invisible author had devised every act and fitted every scene, with Kings and High Priests for actors, the Imperial City for a stage, and mankind for audience, the drama of the Temporal Power unrolls itself towards the catastrophe which begins at last to be visible to the players. We are assured, on authority which has never yet failed us about Rome, that up to the last moment, up, that is, to the receipt of the final and peremptory telegram from Paris, the Pope believed that the French Army would remain. Not even the remembrance of his brother murdered by the Papacy thirty-three years ago would, he thought, nerve Napoleon to a final defiance of the priesthood which had helped him to a throne. He would repent, or would die, or would be dethroned, or some visible intervention of the Almighty would for the hundredth time arrest the course of the sacrilegious Revolution. The stars in their courses would fight against Sisera. The belief, strong as it was, argued no lack of brain in Pius IX., for it was entertained secretly but strongly by some of the most acute of Protestants. It is so hard to believe that what always has been shall cease to be, there is so much dread mingled with Protestant dislike of Catholicism, that up to Wednesday, English observers still believed that Napoleon would break his engagement, would be false alike to his own word and his own history, and by a great act of perfidy rebind the European priesthood to the support of his throne. The strange man, however, to whom destiny seems to have assigned so many tasks, who, on this point, is so solitary, opposed by his people, by his ministers, by his wife, by almost every face he sees and every friend who has supported him, held out against the temptation, beat down the resistance, endured the solitude, and after eighteen years of waiting gave at last the order which in 1848 he wished to give to Ney. For the first time in a thousand years Italy was

to be left to the Italians alone. The Pope, as he heard the news, burst into one of those explosions of fury to which, with every other Italian, he is liable, and had scarcely recovered himself when the Duc de Montebello and his officers sought their final audience. His farewell speech is full of melancholy, shot, like a fine silk, with spleen. He gave them his benediction and his thanks, and asserted his trust in Providence, not without dignity, and then relapsing into bitter anger, declared the Emperor, who had protected him for seventeen years, was sickly, suffering in conscience, and no Christian. "If you see your Emperor, you will tell him that I pray for him. It is said that his health is not so good; I pray for his health. It is said his soul is not at peace; I pray for his soul. The French nation is Christian; its Chief ought to be Christian also," words which the Emperor, sensitive to insult from his equals, will assuredly not forgive. They were telegraphed to Paris, but no change ensued in the Imperial orders, and on Tuesday, amidst the strained excitement of the Roman population, the French flag was hauled down from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Pope stood at last face to face with his "loving children." The troops are quitting Civita Vecchia as fast as the transports can be filled, and a rumour that one battalion will be left has been officially denied. Once again Brennus has quitted Rome.

No disturbance followed the departure of the French, nor, we believe, will follow. The priesthood is playing its game against a nation as patient and as determined as itself, and which can vary its means with much more ready aptitude. The instant the lingering doubt as to Napoleon's honesty of purpose was removed, the wiser party in the Roman Committee, those who look to Ricasoli, and not to Mazzini, became masters of the situation. Their problem was to act so as to let loose the long suppressed feeling of Rome, yet give the Emperor no opportunity to return, and the priests no excuse for letting loose the brigands, believed, truly or falsely, to have been collected and armed within the convent walls. Act they must, or the Mazzinians would regain their control of the populace. Yet they knew, as well as his confessor, that Cardinal Antonelli had received from Paris an assurance that in the event of bloodshed in Rome the French troops would at once return. They solved the difficulty at once. The Romans will make, in the first instance, no attack upon the Pontiff's sovereign power. That question must be settled by agreement between him and Italy, but they can demand, without violence, or insult, or revolution, the municipal liberties which Pius himself granted them in 1848, and which he has never formally annulled. The Convention will not be infringed, for the people will not renounce their allegiance. Italy will not be invoked, for there is no need of force; but the administration of the City, if the Pope grants this demand, will pass to a secular muni-

ciality seated in the Capitol,—a real representation of the people of Rome. The Pope may refuse this demand, but if he does his remaining provinces will at once quietly secede, and he must either disband his troops or ask Italy to pay them. The pressure will be round him on every side, and the temporal power, compressed within the walls of Rome, with no treasury, no support from opinion, and at the mercy day by day of a hostile population which cannot be held in for ever, will expire of inanition.

The fanatics around the Pope see this, and base all their hopes on an outbreak which they think they can provoke, and which would, as they believe, rouse the entire Catholic world. We should not be surprised to hear that an attempt had been invented upon the Pontiff's life, or that a municipal war had broken out in Rome. Fortunately the Pope himself is no party to these wild plans; he himself cannot be relied on not to call in the Italians instead of the French,—observe the odd pride with which, in his farewell speech, he insists that Italy is made though Rome is his,—and Ricasoli can be relied on at the right moment to beat down all disorder, and with it the temporal power. The Italian Army once in Rome and the Pope safe, France has no reason to resume a thankless and expensive task, and Italy can wait secure. With none to rely on but ecclesiastics and brigands, opposed to his people, to Italy, to his own doubts; sure in his own mind, as he has repeatedly affirmed, that the Papacy is eternal even if the temporal power disappears; unwilling to quit Rome, which, though not essential to the Church, is essential to its organization; as averse to slaughter as any English rector would be, as fearful of bankruptcy as an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Pope must, we are still convinced, consent to an arrangement with his country. The Italians will concede almost any terms. Ricasoli must secure a secular administration to the Romans or they will revolt, and his own people might, in that event, sympathize too deeply; but that secured, all other questions can be arranged by concession. If the Sovereign dignity is valuable to the Pontiff, Victor Emanuel will become only Senator of Rome. If his conscience binds him to protect the convents, Rome can be exempted in every Act from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Parliament; if the Pope in Rome can know no superior, Victor Emanuel will remain in Florence; if his Holiness refuses to subject Bishops to the oath of allegiance, the oath can be dispensed with; if the Cardinals want exemptions they can receive as ambassadors of Heaven the immunities accorded to those of other great states. The Italians once in Rome anything can be granted, for then time is with Italy, and every day helps to consolidate its independence of foreign interference. New links are shortly to bind it to Austria, in a war for the Rhine its neutrality will be invaluable to France, why hurry, when every day strengthens the authority of the Government over all Ital-

ians, every day makes federation more impossible, every day sees some new school opened from which the scholars issue full of a scornful toleration for the priests? The cold air, it is sometimes said, may brace the Papacy, but if it does, the reinvigorated power must come by reason of its vigour into easier relations with modern society. Rome is so troublesome chiefly because Rome is so much afraid. The abler the Pope, the more vigorous the Cardinals, the more zealous the priesthood, the less inclined will they be to attack secular civilization. Once convince a priest that his system is superior to attack, and he disdains an "Index Expurgatorius," and the Church, once convinced that it can flourish amid secular order, through schools and in spite of newspapers, will leave the secular world to advance. If the Papacy regains power, it must be by abandoning the policy of obscurantism, and that abandoned, a Papal revival would be of comparatively little mischief to the world.

This appears to us the truth of the situation, but we are bound to add our Roman correspondents are more gloomy. They fear that the Pope will not negotiate, that the Sanfedisti will provoke an outbreak, and that the French will return. They may be right and we wrong; in that chaos of conflicting forces the publicist who predicts the form of the ultimate order is foolhardy in his conceit, but thus much at least is clear. If Napoleon returns, he by returning admits that the patient policy of years has been a failure; that in Rome, as in America and Germany, he misunderstood the forces in operation; that he has been defeated in the face of France, and defeated by Italian priests. If the hopes of the Church rest on that admission, the Church cannot at least be accused of a lack of sanguine faith.

---

From the Saturday Review, Dec. 15.

#### THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

THE POPE, in parting, has given the French EMPEROR a blessing which the EMPEROR will not forget. A long life spent in the highly delightful pastime of praying aloud for his enemies, coupled with the naturally fine acumen of an Italian, has given HIS HOLINESS an astonishing power of putting in home-thus, even when he seems to be occupied in his devotions. The French Government had naturally been a little anxious for the final leave-taking to be over. "Tremblez, Français, nous vous bénissons tous," says the song in BERANGER, and of late years in particular the POPE's benedictions have been a chastening as well as an edifying process. Malicious anticipations this week were not at all misplaced, and after a calm survey of PLO NOXO's speech to General MONTEBELLO, critics must admit that the old and ven-



erable Pontiff can be piquant when he chooses. Looking about him, in the pauses of his prayers, to discover the French EMPEROR's tenderest point, with the view of dexterously planting there the little necessary arrow, in an almost inspired moment the POPE bethought him of the French EMPEROR's health. Everybody in Europe knows that, during the past year, this has been a very sore subject with the Imperial Government. The rumours which from time to time ooze out about HIS MAJESTY's indisposition are productive, it is believed, of serious diplomatic and internal trouble. Accordingly, no Frenchman is permitted to entertain the smallest doubt but that Providence intends to bestow upon the EMPEROR a long and robust life; and French journalists are trained never to hear that HIS MAJESTY is so much as looking pale, without immediately contradicting the calumny. The keen eye of the successor of ST. PETER picked out this crevice between the joints of the Imperial armour in a twinkling; and by way of ingenious torture he determined, not indeed to cut off General MONTEBELLO's right ear, which would have been nothing, but to pray fervently for the health of General MONTEBELLO's master. In the middle of his valedictory address, HIS HOLINESS "paused," we are told, "for some moments, raised his eyes to Heaven, and put his hand to his heart"—a symptom at which General MONTEBELLO, like FELIX, may well have trembled. After a few minutes' silence he continued—"Go, carry with you my blessing, and my paternal adieu. If you see the Emperor of the FRENCH, your EMPEROR, tell him I pray for him. They say that his health is not good; I pray for his health. They say that his soul is not tranquil; I pray for his soul. The French nation is a Christian nation; its head must also be a Christian." We rather think that, on receiving this kindly recommendation by the telegraph, the French EMPEROR—so far from being "almost persuaded," like the Roman Governor, to become one—must have been tempted to employ language about HIS HOLINESS of a distinctly secular description.

The consternation created in Parisian official circles by this candid and pleasing expression of Papal sympathy has been considerable. On receipt of the intelligence, there was an immediate and anxious call upon the services of the "gentleman in black." The gentleman in black is as yet exclusively a French institution, but one which speaks volumes for the good feeling and sensibility of the French press. When any thing happens anywhere which it is desirable to keep dark, the gentleman in black makes a little round of the newspaper offices, and does a little gentle violence to the feelings of that sensitive being, a French editor. Accordingly, the Paris journals, with one bold exception, cut out, "upon invitation," the obnoxious passage from their account of the Pontifical oration, and left their readers to guess at the contents of an omitted paragraph. The worst of it is that it is apprehended, now the POPE has hit upon

the idea, that all the French Bishops, with M. DUPANLOUP in the van, will begin praying for the EMPEROR's health, and finishing up with intercessions for his soul. There will be no end to it anywhere, for it is impossible to make it a criminal offence to call down blessings on the EMPEROR's body and soul. The POPE therefore leaves the Imperial Court for the moment very much as BOILEAU's Bishop in the *Lutrin* leaves his enemies—*éperdus et bénis*.

Il part, et, de ses doigts saintement allongés,  
Bénit tous les passants, en deux files rangés.  
Tout s'écarte à l'instant; mais aucun n'en ré-  
chappe,  
Partout le doigt vainqueur les suit, et les rat-  
trape.

Evrard seul, en un coin prudemment retiré,  
Se croyait à couvert de l'insulte sacré :  
Mais le prélat vers lui fait une marche adroite :  
Il l'observe de l'œil ; et tirant vers la droite,  
Tout d'un coup tourne à gauche, et, d'un bras  
fortuné,  
Bénit subitement le guerrier consterné.

It remains to be seen, after this gentle and harmless piece of malice, whether the projected journey to Rome of the EMPRESS of the FRENCH will come to anything. The EMPRESS's presence would for a time be a safeguard to the Vatican against that revolution which PRO NONO, in his last address, told the French troops was already at his gates. But as HER MAJESTY cannot stay at Rome for ever, it could scarcely be with the view of staving off disorder in the streets of Rome that she would go there. There would be two uses in her travelling to Rome. The first would be to show the POPE that, even if he is losing his hold upon Emperors and Kings, his hold on EMPRESSes and QUEENS is as firm and durable as ever. And this will, on the whole, be a cheering thing to the POPE, and to Catholicism at large. It is quite true (and very natural) that the ladies of Catholic Europe are getting fonder and fonder of the POPE, in proportion as he seems deserted by the rest of the world, and feminine sympathy may be expected before long to culminate in something or other to be worked for him, as it did a year or two ago in a present to the exiled King of NAPLES. It is a graceful thing for the EMPRESS EUGENIE to be the bearer of the condolences and good wishes of the drawing-rooms of Paris, and to put herself at the head of the religious feminine sentiment of the world of fashion. Just as the EMPEROR leads the industry and glory of France, it is the EMPRESS's mission to take the lead in the department—so to speak—of piety. If the Holy Sepulchre were not unfortunately in Palestine, she might take that on her way too, and perform two pilgrimages at one and the same time; and the French nation, which is all in favour of religious exercises to be performed on the part of Frenchwomen, would like her the better for it.

The second benefit to be derived from the

Imperial journey to Rome, if it ever happens, would be that it would vaguely help to reassure the POPE, who seems to be in despair. The French do not want him to run away from Rome. The Second Empire has mixed itself up so completely with the Roman question, that its credit in Europe, already shaken, would be seriously impaired if the Roman question ended in a Papal flight. Anything that can prevent this would be a valuable diplomatic move, and it may be with some such object that the EMPEROR is thought to have allowed his permission to visit Italy to be extorted from him by the EMPRESS. In the eyes of Europe, HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S expedition would be a further proof of General MONTEBELLO'S assertion that, though France has withdrawn her troops, she still leaves behind her moral support in case of need. It is by no means the intention of NAPOLEON III. to break needlessly with the Papacy, which has served him personally once, and may hereafter serve the interests of his dynasty, and even render valuable assistance to the foreign policy of France. The withdrawal of the French garrison had become absolutely necessary. Compliments like those lavished by the *Times*, in a sudden fit of virtue-worship, upon the French Government because it has not violated the solemn letter of a covenant—the consideration for which has already been paid by Italy in the transfer of her capital to Florence—are based neither on good taste nor on common sense. Credit may be given to NAPOLEON III. for friendly feeling to Italy, without representing the evacuation of Rome as a meritorious piece of self-sacrifice. The French EMPEROR leaves Rome, not to please Italy so much as because his own policy requires him to do so; and if he had not meant to go, it would have been madness to have undertaken to go two years since. The truth probably is that a permanent French occupation, in the present state of European opinion, would be undesirable; now that Austria has been driven out of Italy, it is unnecessary; and the EMPEROR can have no wish to bequeath a superfluous political difficulty to his son. The Roman *embroglio* is of his own making, and, as a statesman, he foresees that it is pre-eminently one to be settled in his own lifetime, before the accession of a woman, or an infant, or of a revolutionary republic, as the case may be. The *Times*, is so full of admiration at the notion of the rigid performance of a treaty, that one is tempted to inquire whether it seriously believed that the French EMPEROR, if he never meant to quit Rome, would have needlessly complicated matters by contracting solemnly to do so. That is the kind of blunder which a knave who was also a fool might possibly commit, and which apparently the *Times*, in the plenitude of its wisdom, has been expecting. Some people never can look at the French EMPEROR except with their mouths open. This attitude of perpetual astonishment and wonder on the part of the British spectator is one which probably amuses and

edifies both the French nation and its Government.

From the Spectator, Dec. 15.

#### THE REORGANIZATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE Emperor Napoleon has taken a very great, very menacing, and very dangerous step. While our imbecile War Office is chattering over an addition of two-pence daily to the soldier's pay, he has published in the *Moniteur* a proposal, which he will support with all the weight of a nearly absolute Government, to subject the whole of the effective youth of France for all future time to military service. Under the existing system, imposed upon the country by the Convention when France was engaged in a death struggle, every youth in the country at the age of twenty presents himself to the conscription. The annual number thus offered is 326,000, but of these 108,000 are rejected as under five feet, or blind, or lame, or only sons of widows, or in other ways disqualified for military service. Of the remaining 218,000 the State takes usually 100,000 of the most efficient, one-half of the youth of France thus continually passing through the military mill. Exemption can, it is true, be purchased, but at a cost of 100*l.* down, which is entirely beyond the means of the mass of the population. The service is for seven years, and France has therefore always the control of 700,000 trained soldiers, or allowing for deaths and disease, 650,000. This army, half as great again as the largest number ever raised by Louis XIV., and greater than the largest ever raised by Napoleon I. within the borders of France as now defined, 100,000 more than the nominal roll of the Prussian Army, has hitherto been considered, and with justice, the first in Europe. It has entered every great capital except London, and has within the last twelve years defeated the two strongest military empires—Russia and Austria. The consolidation of Germany, however, which this proposal will itself materially assist, has alarmed the Emperor not only for the prestige, but for the safety of France. It is understood on the Continent, and is, indeed, suggested in the pamphlet of Prince Charles on military science, that should war between Prussia and France ever break out again, the true policy for Prussia would be invasion—a march, in fact, on Paris. The Emperor, who has a radical distrust of popular force, which in America entirely misled his judgment, is determined therefore that France shall have a trained army superior in numbers as well as in organization to that of any other power. He has decided to raise the annual draft to 160,000 men, or nearly four-fifths of the total number of French youths capable of military service, an addition of no

less than three-fifths to the blood tax, which already presses so severely upon the country that councils-general are reporting on the scarcity of labour. To lighten the demand, which even the Emperor feels to be excessive, the new 60,000 are formed into a reserve, which will not be always in barracks, but will be cantoned there for either three or two months in every year, it is not yet decided which. One-half will, however, be liable for duty at any moment, in time of peace as well as war, and only the remaining half are protected by an assurance that they shall be called out only in time of grave emergency. Sixty thousand youth still remain exonerated, but they are not wholly exempted, being formed into the National Guard Mobile, and drilled, and rendered liable to be called out in any time of war. The period of service for all classes is reduced to six years, and as the calling out is annual, it will be six years before the plan receives its entire development. In 1872, however, says the *Moniteur*, France will have of trained soldiers:—

Active Army .....	417,483
First Reserve .....	212,373
Second Reserve .....	212,373
National Guard Mobile .....	389,986
	<hr/>
	1,232,215

And in a very few years every Frenchman alive capable of military service, except the very few who, under the new restrictions, can exempt themselves by purchase, will have been drilled, subjected to military discipline, and have passed much of his life in barracks. The French Army will be the largest in the world, and will have behind it a male population of four millions of men, all indeed over twenty-six, but all drilled, disciplined, and capable when armed of instantly assuming their places in a levy *en masse*. The Emperor makes no secret of his intention to arm the entire people. He boasts, indeed, in the *Moniteur* that his scheme is "no accidental law, variable according to circumstances and the changes of public opinion," but "an institution which organizes in a permanent manner the national forces," which "disciplines the entire nation by organizing it," and which "consecrates the grand principle of equality that all owe to their country their service in time of war, and no longer abandons to a part of the people the sacred duty of defending the land." France is changed into an armed camp. Henceforward she, like Prussia, has the nation for her army, may dare anything to which the whole nation, thoroughly organized, armed, and subjected to military discipline, may in the judgment of her rulers be considered competent. The whole population becomes an army, accustomed to act promptly at the word of command, and there is scarcely any achievement which can be proved to be hopelessly beyond its reach. Such an example of organization has never yet been

seen in the world, and cannot be without its effect on ordinary civil life. A Frenchman, of all men, takes to drill kindly, and we may yet see in Europe what has never yet been seen, a nation organized from head to heel, able to act for any end, whether it be the building of a city or the conquest of a province, the construction of new canals or the desolation of a neighbouring country, as one man. The additional force thus gained for France will be overwhelming, will materially increase the difficulties of every Government, will compel most of them, Italy, for instance, to arm the whole population, will drive the entire manhood of the Continent under military discipline, and will, we believe, as a first result, force the States of Germany together with a clang.

But will the scheme, though proposed by the Emperor, with whom it has been for years a fixed idea, be accepted by the Legislative Body? We believe it will. True, it has been received in Paris with expressions of open annoyance, and will be felt in the provinces as a severe addition to the most painful of all burdens. True, also, it will add considerably to taxation, for though the *Moniteur* says the addition to the budget will be slight, it will increase every year for six years, and half a million of men not volunteers cannot be armed and clothed for all time, fed and housed for three months in every year, provided with officers, non-commissioned officers, and instructors, and marched from place to place without expense. True, finally, that three months' life in barracks will interrupt all careers above that of the peasant, and be a drawback in his, that the mere loss in labour, calculated at twenty francs a week, the amount given by M. Perier, will be 4,000,000*l.* a year; and that marriage will be rendered still later and more infrequent. All these things are true, but yet the proposal will, we believe, pass. Frenchmen care for the grandeur of France, are fretting under its supposed humiliation, are ready to attack their Emperor for having allowed Germany to unite herself even in part. The sovereign passions of the nation, for equality and for organization are not affronted, but rather gratified, by a law which subjects all alike to discipline, and organizes the whole nation as if it were an army. The Imperialists will support their master, the Moderates will not risk a dangerous opposition for the sake of preserving the right of one man to be exempt from a burden another must bear, and the Radicals will perceive instinctively that a purely military rule over a nation armed, trained, and officered is an impossibility. Paris is hard enough to govern now, but to oppress Paris when every male Parisian has passed through the military mill, understands military discipline, and has a direct relation of comradeship with the active service, will be to compress gun-cotton. All of every party will feel that in the mere proposition of such a plan there is a warning to enemies, that if carried out, France can once more become at her own discretion the arbitress of Europe.

It is just sixteen years since men asserted that the age of war had passed, that Europe was at last about to enter on a millennium, during which armaments would be abandoned and fleets allowed to rot in quiet. Within that short time the number of regular soldiers has been tripled, the standard of idea for an efficient army has risen from 100,000 to 300,000 men, and all Continental nations except Russia and Spain have accepted the proposition that for a nation to be safe every man within it must be a possible soldier. The railway and the telegraph have but made armies vaster, attack more swift, battles more cruelly decisive, the spread of intelligence has but made it easier to rouse nations, the diffusion of comfort has but increased the readiness to protect that comfort by the sword. All Europe save England has been organized for battle, and the next war must be to all past wars what the shock of planets or moons in collision is to that of human artillery. It is not a pleasant prospect, and for it one man, the Emperor of the French, is mainly responsible.

---

From the Examiner.

#### THE FRENCH ARMY.

A FLEET of transports is collecting to bring the French troops back from Mexico; and after the experience of the last three years we may feel pretty certain that no more will be sent across the ocean on the unpromising business of monarchy-making. The ambition of France has long cast covetous eyes on the golden plains and the fragrant isles of the east; and from time to time has wasted much solid treasure and valuable life in the attempt to gain a permanent footing there. But somehow or other remote conquests do not seem adapted to the genius of Frenchmen. With the consent of England and Russia, they have been allowed to establish themselves recently in Cochin China, and, as long as peace prevails between us, there they may remain. In the event of war with this country, with America, or with the Czar, the obligation to defend her Oriental possessions would be to France a source only of difficulty, detriment, and danger; and sooner or later she must inevitably find, as a century ago she found on the shores of the Indian Ocean, that she had acquired the permanent possession of no more of the soil than sufficed for her brave soldiers' cemetery. Even Algeria, within a few hours' sail of Toulon, proves, after six-and-thirty years of hard fighting, costly protection, and artificially stimulated colonization, too far off to pay. As a step, and a great step, towards the realization of the splendid dream in which the Mediterranean is to be swept clear of interlopers and stilled into the political calm of a "French lake," the acquisition of half the coast of Barbary is of inestimable value. It is only,

we presume, a question of time and expediency, perhaps only of Imperial whim, when Morocco shall be occupied and annexed as Tunisia and Algiers have been. And then will come again the old question, Who is to have Egypt? For so long as a Buonaparte reigns in France the Pyramids will never cease to be one of the grand features in the Imperial perspective.

Practically and immediately the range of possible fire from the mouths of French guns lies, however, nearer home. If ever there was a prevailing sentiment deserving the name of national, steadily but rapidly acquiring strength, without popular movement or stimulation by the press, it is the sentiment of pique and wounded pride at the late expansion of Prussia without the leave of France, and without any compensatory acquisition by others. It is no use trying to disguise the fact or to reason about it. Every educated Frenchman out of Imperial livery (and a great many who wear that taciturn uniform) think, feel, and say openly that Napoleon III. was jockeyed by Count Bismarck last July. And if we could read the ruminations of the Imperial invalid as he paces, with a single attendant, in these leafless days of December, the grand avenue at Compiègne, we should hardly fail to recognize the sorting and shuffling in his mind of the various cards wherewith this hitherto unbeaten gambler hopes yet to win back the trick. To such a man it cannot be endurable that the world, whose calculations until now he has in every case laughed at and reversed, should find him to have been egregiously out in his reckoning and publicly checkmated by a newer hand. All France is ready this time, moreover, to help him to redeem the blunder of allowing Prussia to get its foot upon Austria's neck and to settle terms of submission and respite before France could get ready to interfere. Had the possibility of Sadowa been foreseen, a stroke of the diplomatic pen in the *Bureau des Affaires Étrangères* would have prevented the firing of a needle-gun. It was hard work driving the Prussian King to take the final determination to declare war against single-handed Austria; but against Austria in alliance with France, Count Bismarck himself would not have ventured even to suggest it. By oral promises, made secretly, of what he would counsel his sovereign to concede to France on the Rhine, the Prussian Minister had chloroformed the misgivings of Louis Napoleon; and only when Vienna lay at the mercy of the invader, and the Princes of Hanover, Hesse, and Saxony, had fled for their lives, did his Majesty wake up to hear from the lips of Baron von Goltz that King William could not think of granting France any compensation for having looked quietly on during his seven days' campaign.

Reorganization of the French army, which is only a civil way of saying an augmentation of that army's strength for aggressive war when the fitting time shall come, has ever since been the master-thought among our neighbours. Logical argument in deprecation of the national

brain-fever it implies would be worse than useless; but it would serve only to add fuel to the fire of suspicion, and food to irritability. Fifty years have not cleared away the smoke that made the eyes of French pride smart when the Prussian garrison of Paris blew up the bridge over the Seine, built of the cannon taken at Jena. Insult effaced by insult and bitterness of spirit festering as the result in a great people's heart are among the saddest things in history. But there they are, and it is childish or hypocritical to pretend not to know that they are there. The Minister of War has issued a Report of an Imperial Commission, which, in substance, recommends that the muster-roll of the regular French army should be raised from 720,000 to 800,000 men, and that a National Guard, capable of being mobilized, of 300,000, should forthwith be enrolled. This is equivalent to a decree that twelve months hence 380,000 additional arms of precision shall be available for whatever uses the irresponsible Government of France may think fit. There is no military or financial hindrance, that we know of, to the execution of the project; and so long as the credulity of the frugal, saving, and investing middle classes of France enables M. Fould to appropriate under the name of loans any amount of money that may be requisite for the war budget, it is idle to talk of financial impediments in the way. The return of the troops from Mexico and Rome will further increase the available forces of the Emperor in France by 40,000 veterans; and the squadron that for the last three years has of necessity been maintained off Vera Cruz will henceforth float in European waters. Far from satisfying popular feeling, these augmentations of force by sea and land are received with scoffs and sneers as audible as police regulations will permit. Half the troops of the Line are to be kept as an army of reserve, one moiety only being actually in garrison or depot. A National Guard has always been looked upon rather as a political than a military power; and its history has no doubt been rather one of alternate triumph and defeat in struggles with the Government of the day than in contests with foreign foes. We may be quite sure, indeed, that if any considerable body of men are really called into existence under the old popular name, they will be organized for very different wars and in a very different manner. Plainly enough the present idea is to have them ready as a second reserve in case of disaster abroad, as a third line of defence should the frontier ever again be crossed by the German, such a line as, it will be argued, might have enabled Napoleon I. to drive the invaders back during the campaign of the Meuse. But it is not of defence that France or her Emperor are really thinking. It is the re-vindication of territory once French that lies between the Scheldt and the Rhine, or the recovery of some portion of it. It is no use shutting our eyes to the driftings and tendencies of things. With all his self-adequacy and self-possession no man

has ever steered his course more steadily in the mid-stream of opinion than Napoleon III. It is thus that he has hitherto avoided reefs and shoals; and whatever old diplomatic charts and recent diplomatic flourishes may indicate to the contrary, to this policy of pilotage he will undoubtedly adhere.

From the Economist, Dec. 15.

#### THE MONITEUR ON THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE publication of a manifesto by the Emperor of the French is always an event, but even Napoleon has scarcely issued a document of such terrible importance to Europe as that which appeared in Tuesday's *Moniteur*. It is an official account of the project for the re-organization of the French army, which His Majesty is about to lay before the Corps Legislatif, to be passed into operative law, and which, he declares, is intended to create a permanent system "not varying with the mutations of public opinion." It is to be like conscription itself, one of the organic laws of France, and a vaster change than it will effect in the position of that Empire, and therefore of the whole world, it would be difficult to conceive. The sketch of the design which we were able to give a week or two since, though entirely correct, fell very far short of the reality. We believed that the Emperor intended to add some 400,000 men to his reserves, but never imagined that even Napoleon, with all his dreamy vastness of conception, and all his fixity of purpose, would venture to carry his ideas to their logical conclusion, and decree that the whole male population of France should be placed under regular military discipline, made liable for service at home or abroad, the instant war has been declared. Yet this and nothing less is what he proposes to do, avowedly and openly proposes, for the *Moniteur* boasts that the plan throws the "sacred" duty of defending the country upon the whole instead of a part of the population, that it equalizes for all men the liability to military service. Indeed the Emperor regards such liability as a needful element in political training, and speaks of his plan as one which will "discipline the nation by organizing" it with military rigidity.

The system of recruiting, as actually carried out in France, has since the revolution been in this wise. Every man on attaining the age of twenty is bound to present himself at the divisional centre as a person liable to military service, and as a matter of fact does so present himself. The terrible rigour of the Convention, and subsequently the military exactness of Napoleon's Government, has so "disciplined" France that resistance to the conscription is



nearly unknown, and evasion, except by flight, is impossible. The men appear therefore, and as the population is stationary, the total rarely varies, being, says the *Moniteur*, usually 326,000. Of this number one-third are rejected by the doctors, as being under the standard of height, or maimed, or visibly unfit for military service. A few more plead one of the two or three legal grounds for exemption, and the remaining total of "valids," as the officials call them, averages about 200,000. Of these, the Government takes half or 100,000 to serve for seven years, a tremendous tax not only upon the labour fund of France, but upon her prolificness; for although marriage is not absolutely forbidden to the French army, it is in practice unusual. This number the Emperor proposes to increase by six-tenths, demanding every year 160,000 recruits for the army, and leaving only 40,000 youths "exonerated," who are, however, all swept in by a subsequent addition to the plan. The 60,000 directly taken are not of course to be made regular soldiers, for that would crush the finances, but they are to be thoroughly trained in camps and barracks, then dismissed, and then called out for exercise three months in every year. The ultimate number of the reserve is expected to be 400,000, and of these half are liable to summons at discretion, either in peace or war, even as the *Moniteur* puts it to fill up the ranks of regiments accidentally weakened. A liability so continuous and unlimited will of course be as serious an interruption to careers as actual service, and will almost or entirely prohibit marriage. The second half are not liable to be called out in time of peace, but are liable the instant war is declared, which, considering the immense number of expeditions sanctioned in this reign, is a very serious obligation even without the drill. Finally, the whole of the "exonerates" and passed soldiers, that is the whole remaining population, are placed in the National Garde Mobile, are to be thoroughly trained if not trained before, and liable whenever danger threatens or the glory of France is at stake. The whole youth of France capable of military service is in fact placed under drill, officered, and legally liable to summons. In twenty years therefore there will not be an able-bodied man in France who is not also an efficient soldier, who has not been thoroughly drilled, who has not passed part of his time in barracks, and who is not accustomed to obey without question the word of command. The French nation will be as thoroughly drilled as the Prussian. At present one exemption of great practical weight is allowed to the middle class. A conscript who can pay 2,500*fr.* to the Caisse de dotation is allowed to do so, and go free, the money being employed in purchasing an equal number of old soldiers, who, it is thought, give solidity to the system, keep up the regimental traditions, and set the conscripts an example of rigid and prompt obedience. Families frequently make the greatest efforts to secure this sum, and so retain their sons, even peasants frequently saving from the

time a child is born. For the future, however, this exemption is to be strictly limited on a scheme which we do not precisely understand, but which excites great alarm among the professional classes, and which certainly terminates the legal right of buying exemptions. The whole of France is, in fact, made liable to service, and in France, it must be remembered, a liability to the State is always rigidly exacted. Frenchmen love efficiency, and we may be sure that if a National Garde Mobile exists, that Garde will very soon be rendered by instruction, drill, and camp life, equal to regular soldiers. His Majesty, indeed, calculates on this, stating that in six years his scheme will give him an army of 417,000 active soldiers, 212,000 active reserves, 212,000 second reserves, and 390,000 Garde Mobile — making, together, one million two hundred thousand soldiers, supported, it must not be forgotten, by an annual draft of 200,000 recruits. France, in fact, could under this scheme move four armies, each greater than the Prussian at Sadowa, all at once, and feed each of them with 1,000 men per week, and yet leave behind them all the entire male population above twenty-six, every man of whom will have been a trained soldier. It is impossible even to estimate the power of such a prodigious organization, but this one fact is certain, that no first-rate nation, not protected by the sea, could resist it, unless its own population were similarly armed; that Italy, for example, if threatened by France, could secure her independence only by drilling her whole population. The Prussian example already tends in this direction, and we look, therefore, in a few years to see at least one-tenth of active life among all the men on the continent of Europe spent in the barrack or the camp. Small nations are completely over-awed, the entire male population of Belgium, for instance, being only three-fourths the number of the French army, only just equal to the active army and reserves instantly available in war.

Of the expense to be entailed by this gigantic plan we have as yet no satisfactory explanation. At first, doubtless, it will not be very great, but it will increase every year for six years, when the whole additional force will require depots, arms, clothing, food for the time of exercise, horses, officers, and non-commissioned instructors. Frenchmen never serve without pay, though the pay is low, and the increase will be felt in the departments, foundries, factories, powder mills, and so on, almost as fully as if the men were added to the regular army. We do not say that it will be unbearable; but it will be a most serious addition to an expenditure already great, a most serious deduction from a reservoir of labour already too low for the best interests of France. In other countries, Prussia excepted, the change will press almost as severely, and even in England it is doubtful whether it will not be felt. True, we are in no new danger of invasion. France has a hundred thousand men to spare even now, and if she had a million she could

send no more across the sea. But it affects us in this way, that an expedition, say for the defence of Belgium, always difficult, will, with our present army, be impossible. Many men will consider that impossibility a good thing; but many more will call it a bad thing, and the result may very possibly be a compromise, which will not give us a great army, but will give us a very heavy military budget.

It still remains to be seen how this vast plan will be received by the people of France. In Paris, we are informed, it has created universal dissatisfaction, a dissatisfaction increased by the statement of the *Moniteur*, that the measure is defensive in intention. For glory or conquest France will suffer anything, but for defence she has an army of 650,000 men, besides at least as many more who have passed through the ranks, and would take up the sword again if the country were invaded from without. Paris, however, is powerless, and the real question is the effect of the increased draught on the country population. They will not study details, but will see clearly that whereas their sons had formerly equal chances of drawing a good or bad number in the ballot they have now only one chance in five. That is very likely to breed extreme discontent, which with the Mexican army returning embittered by a sense of humiliation, with the priests irritated by the evacuation of Rome, and with the army sore at the rise of Prussia, may induce the Emperor to postpone his programme. If it does not, he may meet with an opposition in the Chambers, faithful as they are, which will compel him either to yield or to appeal once more to universal suffrage, an experiment full of danger. It is possible of course that the peasantry may not disapprove the new demand, and Napoleon knows them well; but if they do, on what support will the Emperor rely? Certainly, at all events, not on that European opinion to which he is now addressing a tremendous menace.

---

From the Spectator.

#### PLAYED OUT.\*

THE mental anatomy of a flirt will always be an interesting study, at least to men, and it is for men, we take it, that Miss Annie Thomas writes. She does not hate women like "Ouida," or despise them like Florence Marryat, but she treats them in a curiously realistic way, wiping off this little bit of rouge, and explaining the falsity of that frisette, and lifting up that little corner of petticoat to show how completely the blue stocking is down at heel, which women will never cordially appreciate. *Played Out*, being an anatomical treatise on

\* *Played Out*, By Annie Thomas. London: Chapman and Hall.

flirts, is therefore sure of an audience, and we cannot deny that it deserves one. Miss Thomas, by the steady practice of vivisection, has added to her own scientific knowledge, and can therefore add to ours, and she has taken unusual pains to add. There are three usual modes of accounting for a flirt, — that she is a plotter intriguing for offers; that she is swayed by a passion for admiration, which renders her reckless of all but immediate gratification; and that she is a fool, who does not perceive how false she really is, and Miss Thomas has avoided them all. She has gone deeper into social analysis, and her typical flirt, Kate Lethbridge, though a consummate coquette, with inconstancy in her very bones, and coquetry in her soul as well as her eyes, is as little of a fool as is possible for a woman who, with all the ends of her life perpetually in her grasp, misses them all; as little of a mere seeker for admiration as a girl thirsting for appreciation can be, and as little of a plotter as any woman ever is who understands and plays the social game without very strict attention to the rules. Very pretty, very clever, and very good, in her own way, i. e., self-sacrificing, affectionate, and truthful, Kate Lethbridge is nevertheless an arrant flirt, a woman inconstant to the last degree, who cannot help appreciating every man she meets above a certain calibre, cannot help showing she appreciates, cannot help enjoying the sympathy and the admiration, or it may be the love, which she excites; who will speak of love to any man who courts her merely to crowd her life with incident, who steps over the narrow line of *les convenances* out of a wish for more experiences; who is a flirt, in fact, from a certain mental richness and crave for richness which can never be exhausted or satisfied. There have been great authors in the world — Coleridge was one — to whom the choice of subject for the exercise of their powers was a permanent embarrassment, not because of the paucity of those subjects, but of their multitude, the infinite variety of topics upon any one of which they could expend themselves with delight and benefit to the world. That, according to Miss Thomas, is the feeling of the highest kind of flirt, an inconstancy which results not from feebleness of will or poverty of affection, but from an abounding wealth of appreciation, an affection which warms to every object in turn, an absorbing capacity for sympathy with the most various kinds of men.

Kate Lethbridge, the educated and graceful daughter of a farmer-squire, first falls in love with a pupil of her father, Roydon Fleming, a London man, civil servant, and small writer, with greater power than his writings, whom she worships because he is the first man of real intellect who has ever crossed her path: —

"What girl is capable of much severity in the matter of gauging the remarks that are the best she has heard? She did not set him down as a god-gifted genius; and, considering all things, some credit must be given her for her

power of reserving judgment; but she did find him infinitely more engrossing than the parochial-minded yeomen, and other middle-class men, who never migrated, of the neighbourhood. It was the quality of managing his words with a due regard to both metre and meaning together, with a certain half-expressed carelessness as to whether people were pleased with him or not, which first attracted the girl's attention to Roy Fleming. There was a latent love of all that was intellectual in Miss Lethbridge, a love that she was unconscious of herself as yet, for nothing had come before her to call it forth. From the bottom of her soul she adored brilliancy. She adored brilliancy; and anything approaching to verbal brilliancy was such a new thing to her, that what wonder if she accepted much of Roy Fleming's society talk, much of his happy, tricky, ear-catching phraseology, as pearls of great price? . . . At times there was a vague unrest in the girl's soul — a sense of desiring God knows what — a moody, hopeless longing for a something, which she could not even grasp, to name and seek — and that 'something' was more satisfying mental sustenance than had fallen to her share. . . . But as thought grew with her growth, the feeling that there was more to be got out of life than she was getting, or even likely to get, grew too, and she hungered for unknown realms of thought before she had ever heard of them. She craved, with a strong craving that would have frightened her father and mother, who had never suffered from it themselves, for companionship with those who had interests and ideas above the daily ones, which remained precisely where they were when she first began to be cognizant of them. The books she got were so very few — and so common-place — that they failed to please her. What wonder that she was disposed to take Roy Fleming's well regulated lamp for a regular sun, and to put him on a pedestal, from which it would surely give one of them pain to displace him?"

Kate really loves this man with her whole heart, but he unfortunately being poor, leaves her a little too free, so that when a really great literary light comes in her way she feels at liberty to admire that also. This is Maurice Byrne, one of those persons whom authoresses weaker than Miss Thomas are so fond of drawing, a splendid atheist, who believes nothing and does everything, witches women and never talks of his conquests, breaks-in horses and speaks with feminine softness, has no scruples in pursuit of his prey, yet keeps rigidly within certain self-made laws, a being, in fact, who may exist, but who seems much more like a cross between a real person and one of Guy Livingstone's imaginary heroes. He grows better as the story goes on, more natural and less wondrous, but this is how he first appears to Kate Lethbridge; and she cannot help worshipping him, cannot keep down her pride in his attention, cannot resist the great temptation

to get more out of her life by getting this man into its circle, nor, consequently, the smaller temptation to dress herself well for his eyes, and take little rides with him, and "subject herself to be spoken about, through an uncontrollable desire to hear smooth words in soft tones, and win much consideration from" her momentary idol. There was a touch of vanity in Kate Lethbridge, even, one perceives, of the lower vanity, that which is born not of self-appreciation, but of envy for others, the wish to depress rivals as well as to exalt oneself. And then comes Clarence Lyster, eldest son and Royal equestrian, "happy Prince with joyful eyes," and curly golden hair, and with him also she incontinentally falls in "love," that is, into a habit of admiring sympathy.

"This handsome, sparkling, flattering young fellow, with a habit of lounging devotionally, and of speaking in a subdued tone, and of letting his lashes droop as he spoke, was a new type to Kate, and Kate had such a marvellous capacity for the pleasure of novelty. For every-day life, and for a permanence, she recognized the superiority and preferred the companionship of Roydon Fleming. Maurice Byrne interested her more deeply with his strange mixture of quiet and power. But the holiday portion of her nature — the lighter, mere pleasure-loving part of her, sympathized with this bright favorite of fortune, who was the most perfect type of a curled darling whom she had ever seen. He embodied that description of the 'happy Prince with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox,' which she had often revelled in, — acknowledging to herself that it would be no bad fate to be wakened from a dreamless sleep by just such a one, and to have the option given her of following him 'through all the world.'"

Kate Lethbridge means no harm with any of these men, does not want to entrap them, still less to marry them, but their admiration excites her as music does, she is as sympathetic to them as to genius in poetry, luxuriates in their pleasant ways, and soft looks, and sweet words, as she would in a wood fire, or a pretty room, or a striking scene, hums pleasure to each like a contented cat, and of course comes to grief at last. Your genuine flirt, even of the highest kind, always does. There is a grain of selfishness in all true affection, a trace of distrust in all love — else why is it so near jealousy? — and a shade of forwardness in every flirt, and the jealousy and the forwardness react upon each other. Every worshipper is in some sort a lover to the born flirt, and she cannot stand on the minute proprieties, or respect the network of social *bien-séances*, invisible as spider's threads, strong as the threads Maimuna wove, as the indifferent can. Kate cannot resist the temptation to bid Maurice Byrne farewell at the railway station, steps into the carriage for a short final chat, and, the train starting, is carried away to London; terribly compromised by the forgetfulness of a moment. Maurice Byrne

offers to marry her on arrival, but she will not be married out of pity; her father dies of her imaginary shame, dies ruined; Roydon cannot rekind his broken trustfulness, though he tries hard; and Kate Lethbridge, as a governess in a vulgar London family, feels and confesses that she is "played out." Hard measure, male readers will affirm, but Miss Thomas, woman-like, amidst her clever pleading for her heroine betrays some faint dislike of her, gives the impression that if she met Kate Lethbridge in the flesh she would analyze, and coax, and fool her to the top of her bent, and then rap her smartly, not without a little viciousness in the pat. Perhaps she is right. There is something of treachery in a flirt, even of this kind, something of cold-heartedness, something even of immorality, and it is good she should suffer; but still this particular specimen is so pleasant, has been so pleasantly described, is so full of kindness, and niceness, and capacity for loving, that the reader half regrets her sentence, half wishes the author had led her through the fire into a pleasanter land.

The rest of the story is the biography of Mrs. Petheron, *née* Nellie Collins, a sketch of country life bitten in with aquafortis. It is a powerful but unpleasant account of a vulgar woman, vain, bitter, talkative, and aspiring, who marries the rich son of a gin distiller, and tries in vain to fight her way into the society of her country. The penalties she endures, and the lies she tells, and the miseries she inflicts in pursuit of her mean object are admirably recounted, so admirably that somebody must be smarting by this time under a sense of being found out; but other authors could have drawn her. We are not sure that others could have drawn Kate Lethbridge, could have limned every turn of her head and emotion of her heart with the patient, loving, acid accuracy displayed in the three volumes of *Played Out*. Mrs. Petheron, with her contempt for her husband and reverence for rank, and indifference to truth, and contemptuous love for her sisters, and snaky viragoism, would alone make a good story; and she is very inferior, both in conception and execution, to the affectionate, truthful, daring little high-caste flirt, Kate Lethbridge.

---

From the London Review, Nov. 24.

#### BARON RICASOLI AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

As the day for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops draws near, the lightest words proceeding from Paris or Florence possess an interest which is hardly lessened by the fact that they may only repeat what we have heard before. The settlement of the Roman question is now the only act requisite to give to Italy the repose necessary to enable her to reap the

fruits of her marvellous good fortune, and to convince the world that its sympathies have not been lavished upon a nation unworthy of them, by exhibiting in the prosaic avocations of peace the same fortitude which has distinguished her in war. And though there is not in this question a great military power to be driven from Italian soil, it has difficulties of its own which require the highest judgment and tact in dealing with them. It is part of the programme of the Italian kingdom that, while it is opposed to the temporal power, it recognizes in the Pope the chief of the Roman Catholic religion, and it cannot be a matter of indifference to the Italian Government that, when the time comes for the temporal power to disappear, it shall do so in a manner which shall not leave Italy open to the reproach of having falsified its professions. But apart from this consideration, the September Convention binds it to resist any danger to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope which may threaten it from without. And from the circular which Baron Ricasoli has addressed to the Italian prefects on the development of order in the interior of the kingdom, he has not failed to warn them that "all agitation having for pretext the Roman question must be discouraged, prevented, and repressed."

Still it is equally clear from the language of the circular, that this position of neutrality is all the more willingly assumed, because the Italian Government doubts not that the Pope will have soon to reckon with his subjects; and it contains words which read almost as an incitement to the latter to take the reins in their own hands, or at least as an intimation that what remains to be done in order to perfect the fabric of Italian unity must be done by them. "The Sovereignty of the Pope," it says, "is placed by the September Convention in the position of all other Sovereignities. Italy has promised France and Europe to remain neutral between the Pope and the Romans, and to allow this last experiment to be tried of the vitality of an ecclesiastical principality without parallel in the civilized world. Italy must keep her promise, and await the certain triumph of her rights through the efficacy of the principle of nationality." It is impossible to misunderstand such language as this, and there can be as little doubt that both by the French and the Italian Governments it was the very object of the September Convention to raise this issue. The *Moniteur du Soir* cites this circular as a reproduction of "the ideas so often expressed by the Government of the Emperor, whose efforts have always tended towards reconciling the national aspirations of the Italian Peninsula with its religious sentiments." These words will dissipate whatever apprehensions the friends of Italy may have had that the Emperor would at the last moment find an excuse or a pretext for prolonging the occupation of Rome. Indeed, the same pen might have traced them which wrote in the Florence circular, that though "the double capacity of the Sovereign Pontiff furnishes some persons with a motive

for confounding the political with the religious question, and disturbing with doubts the consciences of the timid," still that "the Italian Government does not desire to lessen the independence of the spiritual chief of Catholicism."

The stage is thus cleared for the performance of a new act in the drama of Italian unification, and whatever is to be its issue it certainly begins with pacific demonstrations. The clergy of Venetia, the higher dignitaries especially, have rejoiced with the people over the liberation of that province, and their participation in the national joy has had no slight effect in softening asperities in other parts of Italy between the laity and clergy. Baron Ricasoli's circular permitting the return of the exiled bishops to their sees, and bearing testimony to the deference shown to the Administrative authorities by those who had already returned, is again a proof that the gulf is being narrowed, and raises the hope that it may eventually be closed. It is, again, to be observed that we do not now perceive signs of that feverish desire to hasten events by violence, which has been so conspicuous throughout the history of Italian liberation. The National Committee will, probably, be content to bide their time, and wait until the current serves; and, certainly, nothing could be more fatal to their prospects than the repetition of such a tragedy as that which, in 1848, precipitated the Pope's flight from Rome. Nor must we, in enumerating the tokens of a growing good-will between interests so long estranged, forget that though the Pope still bitterly reproaches the enemies of the temporal power, he has not withheld his blessing from Italy. In the beginning of his pontificate he showed how well he could share its aspirations, and how thoroughly Italian he was at heart. If Italy has achieved its unity without him, it certainly owed to his liberal policy twenty years ago one of the strongest impulses it ever received. Nor is it by any means certain that the events which have occurred since that epoch have entirely silenced the patriotism which made him and Charles Albert so personally popular. There is therefore, we would hope, a reasonable prospect that the last of Italian questions, and in some respects the most delicate, already begins to present a facility of solution as the time approaches for the departure of the French troops. Nothing will then remain when this difficulty has finally been disposed of, to prevent Italy from reaping that plenteous harvest which must spring from the blood of her patriots, if those who have been left to complete the national work will only labour in the same spirit of self-denial and self-devotion as those who went before them.

From the North China Herald.

#### FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN CHINA.

THE doom of foreign residents in China is evidently sealed. A *jehad* has been proclaimed

against them in Hunan, and they are to be swept from the face of the Flowery Land. Their country is fifty thousand *li* from China, beyond a triple ocean; from that distance their lives cannot be avenged, so the village elders are invited to collect the populations to exterminate them. This is the purport of an address, of which we to-day give a translation, that has been extensively circulated through Hunan and the adjacent provinces; whether emanating from a too-enthusiastic patriot or from a teaman who has made a bad bargain, it is difficult to determine. In either case it has obtained wide notoriety, having been observed by a foreigner on the walls of a city in Kiang-si; and the fact that it has not been suppressed would appear to indicate at least the absence of official disapprobation. Feeling, of course, quite careless as to its origin or effect, foreigners will still peruse the proclamation itself with interest, as indicating the degree of obliquity with which it is possible that their character may be regarded, and the source whence a large portion of the odium attaching to them arises. Their presence in Foh-kien and Chekeang, in Kiang-soo and Shantung, and above all their invasion of the metropolis is galling certainly; but their subversion of the morals of the people by inculcating a new religion, is insisted on as the great grievance. "Those who have come to propagate religion, enticing and deluding the ignorant masses," are the prominent objects of attack. They "set loose the established bonds of society, deliberately practise their perversions in open day," and trouble and disturb the feelings of the people in all quarters. Against missionaries, and the iconoclastic religion they teach, are the thunders of the proclamation principally directed, two points being especially selected for attack, — the endeavours to subvert established custom, and the incongruities and absurdities of the new doctrine. Most of the arguments directed to expose the latter, may be passed by as starting from wrong premises, and therefore easily refuted. But in the fifth clause of the category, a joint utterly unprotected by harness is disclosed.

"Although the adherents of the religion only worship Jesus, yet being divided into the two sections of Roman Catholics and Protestants, they are continually railing at each other, so that we have no means of determining which is right and which is wrong."

It is only necessary to conceive an attempt by two Buddhist priests — each differing from the other on every point of doctrine — to convert England to the prevailing religion of the world, in order to appreciate the incongruity in the eyes of an intelligent Chinaman of two missionaries preaching different forms of Christianity. Literally, in the eyes of a heathen, the doctrines preached by Protestant and Catholic must appear two different religions, concentrating only in one Divinity; and in this grave error, of attempted conversion to a sect instead of a principle, lies one secret of the comparative



failure of Christian teaching in China. . . . With altars, incense, gorgeous robes and images, the uneducated Chinese hardly knows whether he is in a Buddhist temple or a Catholic cathedral, and obeys the more powerful inducement in resorting to either one or the other. Unable to appreciate the iconoclastic teaching, which urges him to destroy images of what he has been brought up to consider most holy, and disinclined to abandon that veneration of ancestors which has been handed down to him through a hundred generations as the primary duty of man, he yields less easily to the persuasion of Protestants. The actual degree of conversion, however, if by the term is to be understood intelligent comprehension and conviction, is probably nearly equal. Attempts to proselytize educated natives result differently; usually, we believe, in China, in a polite disregard whether Buddha or Christ be the more deserving of worship, whether the miracles ascribed to one or the other be most deserving of

belief. In Hindostan, however, those educated natives who have admitted the errors of their own creed, have rejected the new as equally incredible, and established a sect called Brahmo-Somai, whose tenets are nearly purely Deistic. Without remotely impugning the merits of either creed, we repeat our conviction that the comments of the Hunan casuist on the result of sectarian teaching are worthy serious attention. Insistence on the divinity or humanity of the Virgin Mary, or on the merits or demerits of the doctrine of transubstantiation, is less likely to gain converts than an endeavour to divest the native mind of the pantheistic notions with which it is now bewildered. Similarly, as we observed in a previous article, is the "destruction of statues of ancestors with iconoclastic fury, and the denunciation, as abominable and idolatrous, of the rites in which filial piety expresses itself," less likely to subvert those doctrines, than the making them a stepping-stone to something purer.

#### DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

DAUGHTERS to sell! Daughters to sell!  
They cost more money than I can tell;  
Their education has been first rate:  
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?  
They sing like nightingales; play as well;  
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!  
German, Italian and French, they know,  
Dance like Sylphides for grace and sense;  
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.  
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;  
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!  
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire,  
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir  
At St. George's Church by Hanover Square,  
Hey! you that in lordly mansions dwell,  
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

But dear daughters! Who wants a bride,  
That can give her carriage and horses to ride,  
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,  
And no end of acres of crinoline!

Ever new furniture, jewels and plate,  
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!  
Visits to Paris, Vienna and Rome,  
In short, all she's been brought up to at home,  
Here are girls for your money — if you can sell.  
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!  
— *Punch*.

#### ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;  
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thon my bed;  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet:  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head —  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and  
Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can  
shake;  
All's well! whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break!